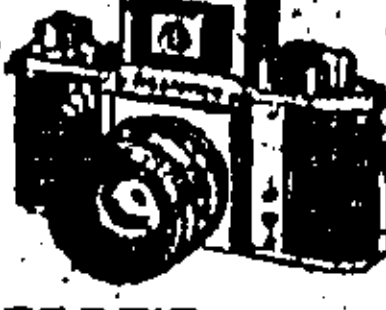


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COMMENT OF THE DAY

LIKE VENUS?

VENUS de Milo may be amused, indignant, flattered or scandalized at comparisons between her own and the dimensions of the average British woman, but the revelation may be morally uplifting to thousands of housewives and working women whose classical proportions have hitherto passed unnoticed. There are probably at least two reasons for this: a general lack of form-flattering apparel or a lamentable decline in the British male's inherent faculty of critical observation. The latter will, of course, be stoutly denied but, in that event, can the former be reasonably substantiated? In short, are British women entirely to blame for, say, a prudish fastidiousness to conceal the full facts? Climatically, of course, inhibition wins justification. That brazen hussy in the Louvre may bare her beauty to the eyes of millions without fear of a dose of double pneumonia. Her modern counterpart can only be doubly — and detrimentally — insulated against connoisseurs as well as cold.

LIKE FUN

BUT what about summer? In fairness to the fairest sex we see them less encumbered then. Where winter woolies hamper fastidious appreciation, the heat wave inspires Miss or Mrs Average to rival the lovely Louvre lady. Are males myopic then? Do de Milo's dimensions moralise? Or is it just that British women are essentially a motley collection whose statistical average bears little relation to reality? The suggestion — though brutally candid — is somewhere near the truth. But let detractors rail and critics carp; if we are honest we should admit that disproportion is in the nature of things, dampening to individual pride perhaps, but that statisticians have produced for us round figures — even if dream figures — in which all can claim a share.

HIGH MOUNTAIN FOUND

—Under The Sea

LONDON, Aug. 2. A Soviet research ship has discovered an undersea mountain estimated to be 12,000 feet high towering from the bed of the Pacific off Vladivostok, Moscow Radio said today.

The broadcast said that the research ship, Vityaz, had reported that the mountain appeared to be of volcanic origin. It was named after Admiral Mikoyan, a famous Russian Naval leader, the broadcast said.—United Press.

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British Oil Companies To Close Down In Israel ARAB PRESSURE BLAMED

Labour MP Hits Out At Shell's Decision

London, Aug. 2.

A Labour MP charged today that "Arab pressure" caused Shell Petroleum to stop doing business in Israel.

MP John Dugdale said similar pressure "has been exercised on many companies' operation in Israel."

He said the Arabs were "bluffing." "This is no commercial question but a political one," he said.

The question of Shell's withdrawal from Israel comes within the purview of Parliament since Shell operates in conjunction with the British Petroleum Corporation.

Great Lengths

Conservative MP Langford Toit said he thought Israel would go to great lengths to obtain a reversal of the decision, which he termed "an example of recklessness on behalf of the company concerned."

Mr R.H.S. Crossman, another Labour MP, told the Commons he hoped the government "would feel it possible, recognizing the political complications," to persuade Shell to reverse its decision.

Labour member, Mr Kenneth Younger said Israel anxiety over Shell's move "was clearly political and very real even if the decision was a purely commercial one, which I doubt."

No Decisions

Mr Moulding said no decisions had been taken to close down the refineries though they were "losing a considerable sum of money annually."

He said that so far as marketing was concerned, operations were being stopped by agreement between the two com-

panies since they were "no longer commercially justifiable."

"The government has no right to question that commercial judgment," he said.

He said that a buyer was likely to purchase the marketing operation so there was "not the slightest danger of the dislocation of petrol distribution in Israel."

Meanwhile, a Shell spokesman refused to confirm or deny reports that Shell and BPC plan to sell their Israeli interests to a Frenchman.

Egypt's Refusal

He said no decision had yet been taken in regard to operation of the Shell-BPC refinery in Haifa.

"The joint company has signed an agreement with the Israeli government covering prices for the next six months," he said.

A spokesman in Paris said that Egypt's refusal to allow Israel-bound tankers through the Canal forced Israel to import oil from as far away as Venezuela.

But he would not say specifically that the boycott of Israel had rendered the Shell-British Petroleum operation in Israel unprofitable.—United Press.

She Wants To Go Back To Prison

Rio de Janeiro, Aug. 2. A woman, acquitted of attempting to murder her husband, burst into tears today and begged to be sent back to jail.

The 54-year-old prisoner told the jury, "You've ruined my life."

She explained that she wanted to go back to the prison for women where she had spent most of her time since 1955, because she had so many good friends there.

When the court failed to grant her wish, she said she would appeal to the prison head.—France-Press.

Rice Warning

Singapore, Aug. 2. Rice traders in Singapore and the Federation of Malaya have warned that the price of rice would rise still further as a result of the Siam drought and the Siamese government's export restrictions.

The price of rice in Malaya has already risen by \$55 per picul, following the news of a more or less corresponding increase in Siam recently.—United Press.

'Tainted' Money Refused

Melbourne, Aug. 2.

The Salvation Army turned down a bequest of £25,000 today because it was "tainted." The man who bequeathed it to them won it in a lottery.

Salvation Army Colour Sergeant John Archer was 72 years old when he won £25,000 in the lottery last year. He was promptly suspended for three months for taking part in the lottery, but was allowed to keep the money.

He died last month and will leave £25,000 of the lottery to the "Army" for charitable use. But Territorial Commander George Sandells formally valued any claim to the money today.

OTHER CLAIMS

"The Salvation Army will never accept the proceeds of any lottery or sweepstakes," Sandells said. "We must refuse to accept one penny of this legacy."

Even though the Salvation Army did not want Archer's money there were plenty of claimants. Archer's will left only £150 to be spread among his three sons, three daughters and 22 grandchildren.

His landlady, too, was claiming £2,000. She said she liked Archer, won the lottery, and was shared by her and Archer.—United Press.

Campbell Fails

Canadagua, Aug. 2. Donald Campbell, British speedboat ace, was balked for a second time by swells on Canadagua Lake today as he attempted to break his own world water speed record of 225 miles-an-hour.

Campbell's two-time-run over a kilometre mile averaged almost 100 miles-an-hour below the standard he set on England's Lake Coniston last September.

He was clocked in his jet-powered hydroplane Bluebird at 142.8 miles-an-hour on the South run and only 121.2 on the North try.—United Press.

JOBS FOR BRITISH OFFICERS IN OMAN

LONDON, Aug. 2. The Sultan of Muscat and Oman is advertising for British mercenary officers to help run his private army now fighting against the rebel followers of the Imam of Oman. It was learned today. An advertisement in the current issue of the "Iron Duke," a British Army magazine, said the Sultan was anxious to hire British officers who have either just finished or are about to finish their tour of duty with the British Army. Rates of pay, leave and conditions are comparable with

LONDON PRESS ANGERS RED SKELTON

Edinburgh, Aug. 2.

Comedian Red Skelton said today he left London five days earlier than he intended because he resented insinuations in the Press that his round-the-world trip was a publicity stunt.

Skelton flew here from London this morning after complaining that he was "shocked and disappointed" at the way London newspapers were playing up his tour round Europe with his nine-year-old son Richard as a publicity stunt.

Richard is suffering from leukaemia and has been told by doctors he has only a year to live. But one British newspaper said the tour was turning into a "nauseating jamboree" of publicity.

HOOEY

Commenting on the reports on his arrival here, Skelton said they were "a lot of hooley." "I got sick of London because of them, and left five days earlier than I intended," he said. "But I don't plan to let them cut short my tour."

The Skeltons went straight off on a whirl of sightseeing when they arrived here today. Red took Richard and his 10-year-old sister Valenda to see the North Bridge, which Richard had particularly asked to see—and then to a downtown store where he bought each of them a kite.—United Press.

From Hongkong To San Francisco

San Francisco, Aug. 2. Jean Verne, 15, great-nephew of Jules Verne, landed here this morning by Pan American Airlines on a flight around the world flying over the route of Verne's character Phileas Fogg.

He and a French journalist are trying to make the trip in 80 flying hours. They came around the world from Paris via Italy, India, Hongkong, Tokyo and Honolulu.

They depart from the original Phileas Fogg route tomorrow when they go to Hollywood.—United Press.

Rebels Get Only 15 Minutes Warning

Bahrain, Aug. 2.

RAF jets attacked a tented camp of dissident Omani tribesmen with only 15 minutes warning yesterday, it was announced today.

The news marked a new departure in RAF procedure in the two weeks old "little war" against the followers of the Imam of Oman. Hitherto the tribesmen have been given at least 48 hours warning of impending RAF attacks.

The attacks yesterday were directed at tents pitched around the fort at Nizwa, one of the chief rebel strongholds. Pilots who took part said they had seen no signs of life in the tents as they shot them up with rocket and cannon fire.

Meanwhile, Naval authorities said that no arms had yet been intercepted by the three British frigates patrolling the shores of the Soutate of Muscat and Oman.

Dhows Stopped

The ships began patrolling last week following reports that the rebels were being smuggled across the Persian Gulf.

An official statement today said that although many small Arab vessels had been stopped and searched, no arms had been found.

Rebel forces captured also three-ton trucks when they ambushed troops of the British-offered Oman regiment on July 15, official sources revealed today.

The rebels also captured three vehicles from an oil company searching for oil in the Izki area at the same time. The oil company's vehicles were not among those destroyed by the RAF during their strikes yesterday or the day before.—United Press.

70,000 Knees

LONDON, Aug. 2. The Evening Standard reporting impressions at the World Scout Jamboree said today: "There are 70,000 knees—white, brown, black, knobby, hairy and frankly grotesque."—United Press.

Dulles Says: I'm Glad Kremlin Purged Molotov

London, Aug. 2.

The Secretary of State Mr John Foster Dulles said today he was glad Molotov was purged in Russia because "he was obstructive."

"I am glad," Mr Dulles said, "that the Soviet rulers had awakened to the fact of what we (already) know."

Mr Dulles, who had negotiated with the former Soviet Foreign Minister for years, spoke of Molotov's dismissal in an interview with Britain's two television networks.

The Secretary of State also said he came to London because the disarmament negotiations "were getting so intricate that it was quicker to get on the spot."

He described the "little war" in Oman as a "local turbulence—and we hope it will end as quickly as possible."

All Types

When Mr Dulles was asked whether he had heard that American arms might be used by the Omani rebels, he said:

"All types of arms could be used—British, Soviet, American etc. If arms found on the rebels turn out to be US made, it proves nothing."

There was "not a scintilla of truth" in reports of rivalry between British and US oil interests in the Oman crisis, Mr Dulles said.

But when British TV men asked if the United States approved British action there, he said "we don't know enough about it."

He said the Omani situation had "only been mentioned casually at dinner with Mr Macmillan and Mr Lloyd the night before last."

It Is Better

He was asked whether the mid-east situation was better now.

"It is better than it was a year ago," Mr Dulles said. "The nations of that area feel that they tend to be stronger and dependent and they don't need to fear communism as much."

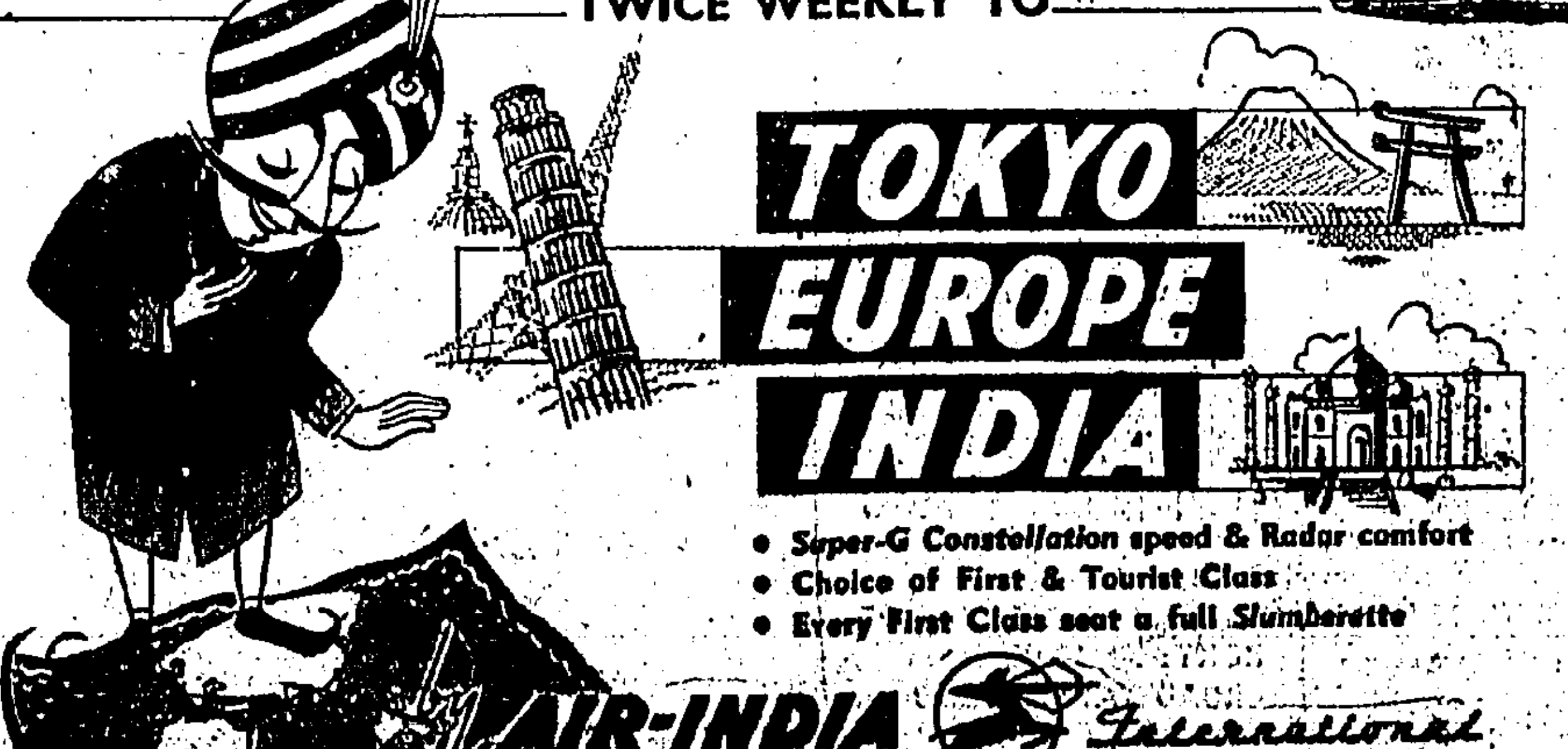
PETITION TO CHOU

Singapore, Aug. 2. Malayan Chinese from the Southern China province of Kwangtung announced today they would ask Mr Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier, to keep his promise to return their confiscated land and property near Swatow. The request would be made in a

petition to be sent to the Peking Government by the All Malayan Teochow conference in Malacca on August 17.

The petition would remind Mr Chou that he made the promise to the Singapore-Malaya trade mission when it toured China last year.—Reuter.

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Re-creates the hilarious Buster Keaton Routines!

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Directed by Robert Lewis and Sidney Franklin - Screenplay by Sidney Franklin and Robert Lewis

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Eleanor Parker
"LIZZIE"

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HOOVER THEATRE June Allyson Elizabeth Taylor in "THE LITTLE WOMEN"
LIBERTY THEATRE Edmund Purdom Ann Blyth in "THE STUDENT PRINCE"

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Japanese Film in Nandorhi dialogue

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SOPHIA LOREN
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TOO BAD SHE'S BAD
An Italian Super Production
in English Version
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
ALAN LADD in "SANTIAGO"

CAPITOL RITZ
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

PIERS OF THE SKY
CINEMA-SCOPE
TECHNICOLOR
JOHN WAYNE in "THE SEARCHERS"
in Technicolor
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
JOHN WAYNE in "THE SEARCHERS"
in Technicolor
TO-MORROW
NORMAN WISDOM in "UP IN THE WORLD"

FINAL TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
The Friends
in Technicolor
TO-MORROW
HENRY FONDA
"THE WRONG MAN"

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

Lizzie:

As her doctor explains to her via the hackneyed means of a hypnotic trance, Lizzie is not just one person like you or me, but three distinct personalities hiding behind one face.

When she is "Beth" she is a normal, pleasant if somewhat ordinary young woman obviously designed to drop neatly into the niche of wifehood, motherhood and the accompanying household trivialities.

"Lizzie" is a different type entirely. Parading her sex like a gaudy banner she imagines herself irresistible and devours the man of her choice like a hungry tigress.

Between the two is poor bedevilled Elizabeth. Confused by misty memories of her nocturnal pleasures as "Lizzie" and dimly aware of the balanced person she could be if she allowed "Beth" to take over, Elizabeth, like the subject of the well-known malleted drink advertisements, neglects her job, is berated by the boss and is a source of worry to her friends and relatives.

The Psychiatrist

The solution, however, is not a cup of the patent beverage every night before going to bed, but a daily consultation with a good looking psychiatrist. How the director has dared to use lines like, "Now you're going into a deep, DEEP sleep" after all the gaudy type of ham hypnosis has taken I can't think. It's a tribute to Richard Boone that he doesn't make them as fabulous as they might have been on the lips of a less convincing screen doctor.

As Lizzie's bibulous, practical but basically kind aunt, Joan Blondell shows that if she could once and for all forget that she was formerly a skittish showgirl on the screen, she might become a second Bette Davis. For the times she relies on stock reactions to communicate a mood there are compensating flashes of genuine feeling and she is far more of a real person than the staggily tormented Lizzie.

Divided In Half

The picture seems almost to be divided in half. On the one side are the conventional film doctor and his equally conventional neurotic patient, and on the other the slightly sedate writer, beautifully underplayed by director Hugo Haas and Joan Blondell's worthwhile try at a piece of acting.

It is difficult to see how the details of Lizzie's past and the different courses her split personality pursues could have been treated otherwise than they are, but I would have liked to have seen less scrappiness in their presentation.

In spite of this though, "Lizzie" is good solid meaty entertainment with only a few dragging moments.

A Warning

Bernadine: "Bernadine" brings back Janet Gaynor to the screen and before we launch out into the details, here are some words of warning for the ladies.

However tempted you are to air your knowledge and com-



Donald O'Connor and Ann Blyth as Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton.

pare Miss Gaynor's performance in "Daddy Long Legs" with this one—DON'T. You'll have your escort getting out his abacus and adding another ten years to what you told him, and like the tenth little nigger boy, soon there'll be none.

Charles Farrell's screen sweetheart has certainly borne the years gracefully though and she makes a motherly appearance-conscious American college boy could be proud of. Richard Sargent is her son in "Bernadine" and he and America's top pop singer of the moment—Pat Boone—head the male cast list.

Exhibitionistic

If one admits that growing up is a painful, interesting and dreadfully serious business—but only to those who are going through it—then the plot of "Bernadine" is written off in a single sentence. If, on the other hand, beneath the "I must prove that I'm a man" fixation of most American college boys—those that we see on the screen anyway—it is realized that there does exist a lost and lonely sense of insecurity, then the sometimes absurd antics of Pat Boone, Richard Sargent and their "gang" are not quite as exhibitionistic as they seem.

Terry Moore is the girl friend, Janet Gaynor's love interest (yes, she is still allowed admirers) is Dean Jagger and that old reliable Walter Abel is a Mr. Beaumont.

Guaranteed

Doctor At Large: Sequels must be very good to stand comparison with their predecessors. They are always expected to be at least a degree better than the one before and even if they equal the standard of the previous pictures, they often fail to satisfy.

"Doctor At Large" is the mixture as before—not quite as efficacious as last time, but guaranteed to hit the spot.

Glamour-Boy

Joe Butterfly: Audie Murphy and George Nader may have a bigger film fan following than Burgess Meredith, but he steals the show right

as "Teahouse of the August Moon" or the imaginative photography (even though it is advertised as having been filmed entirely in Japan, many backgrounds look faked) but its amusing, light-hearted and a feather in the cap of Burgess Meredith.

New Films At A Glance

HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "Lizzie" Eleanor Parker is good, bad and indifferent as she reveals the three sides of her character. With Richard Boone, Joan Blondell, Hugo Haas.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Buster Keaton Story" The back stage life of the famous dead-pan comedian with Donald O'Connor in the title role. Ann Blyth and Rhonda Fleming are the ladies present.

METROPOLE and STAR: "Joe Butterfly": More of the "Teahouse of the August Moon" brew. Burgess Meredith, Audie Murphy, George Nader, Keenan Wynn.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Doctor At Large" Dirk Bogarde gets into more hot water in his search for the perfect post. With James Robertson, Justine, Muriel Pavalow, Donald Sinden.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Bernadine": The young pains of present day American college boys. Pat Boone, Janet Gaynor, Terry Moore, Dean Jagger.

COMING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "The Lady Be Good" Gene Kelly and Barbara Laage search for a couple of runaway children and end up as a united quartet.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Death of a Scoundrel": A romantic melodrama. George Sanders, Yvonne de Carlo.

METROPOLE and STAR: "The Deadliest Sin" Crime thriller. Sydney Chaplin, John Bentley, Audrey Dalton.

QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Stampeded": A Western. Alan Ladd, Virginia Mayo.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Island In The Sun": The cool smolders, burns and scorchers through a series of Caribbean love affairs. Joan Fontaine, Harry Belafonte, James Mason, Joan Collins, Michael Rennie, Dorothy Dandridge.

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JUSTICE

Doctor at Large

Color by TECHNICOLOR

SHIRLEY BAYON - DESEN FARR - MICHAEL MEDWIN
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ALHAMBRA: 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

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ON SUNDAY AT 12.00 NOON
AN ALL-BEETHOVEN PROGRAMME
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AUDIE MURPHY - GEORGE NADER - KEENAN WYNN

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METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m. FOX TECHNICAL COLOR
METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m. "LONE RANGER"
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BUREAUCRACY RUNS WILD

By **ELVEZIO BIANCHI**

There is in fact one office dealing with horses in general, as a big equine family, with a different organisation and different personnel from other three offices dealing separately with each type of horse races practised in the country.

**Palos Verdes Estates,
Calif.**

Bubbles has a bad case of spring fever. The spawning season has started and the 14-foot Globlocephala Soammoni (pilot whale) wants a mate.

Bubbles was captured last February off the Southern California Coast and placed in a large tank at the Oceanarium here. The lovelick Bubbles is the world's only captive whale.

The Pool That Went Dry

A spokesman for the Country Club said the dedication would have to be postponed several weeks.—United Press.

London.
A suburban food store owner opened up last week to find his safe open, some £800 missing and the walls and ceiling plastered with ham, bacon and cheese.
The burglars had used sides of bacon, hams and great cheese to muffle the explosion when they blew the safe open during the night with gunpowder.
—United Press.

The little black feather quills, which are such a nuisance to remove when a chicken is being dressed for the table never develop.

When two such chickens—as pictured here—breed, their young are all nudists, too. They are otherwise normal, except that they feel the cold.—Express Photo.

London.

**PROBLEM
SOLVED
AT LAST**

Rome.

Rome City taxation officials tactfully solved a problem which for years has divided Italians. Is Sophia Loren or Gina Lollobrigida Italy's best-paid movie star. The tax experts' tactful answer: neither. They are both equal and according to the City tax men each earned \$8,000,000 lire (\$128,000) last year. Thus both stars will have to pay 11,520,000 lire (\$8,353) as a local family tax—United Press.

Sainte Maxime, Franco.

They towed the whale out to sea and blew it up with dynamite.—United Press.

.....Cambridge Man Looked Like Cow's Leg.....

Britain's most famous practical joker had this Dutch University City in a state of utter confusion a few weeks ago. Nobody here believes anything any more.

Booth, who once "lost" a grand piano on a London subway train, pulled into Leyden while "Cambridge Week" opened in the Hague to show Holland's esteem for the British University.

An exhibition of "unofficial Dutch paintings" advertised to

New York.

Home with a cold last April. Somebody," asking that the recipients answer them. She then tossed the letters out the

THE rarest flower in the world has made horticultural history by producing seeds which have germinated "in captivity."

The plant is climbing vine of the bignonia family. The only single specimen growing naturally is on one of three small islands at the extreme north of New Zealand.

Cuttings of the plant have been sent to Royal Horticultural gardens in England. If more plants can be propagated from seeds, home gardeners should be able to grow the plant and cross it with other members of the same family.

Cambridge, Mass.

A million dollar mechanical brain that can make 40,000 calculators a second lost a game of checkers last week.

that would take a scientist more

But the mechanical wizard lost a game of checker to Saul Weslow, former New England and Canadian champion, in less than half an hour.

The computer will be used to solve complex problem for New England schools besides telling scientists where to aim their cameras to photograph the first man-made moons.—United Press.

Dead Like Company

Killed Like Cows!
Elsewhere in the City, the unveiling of a monument was announced. Scores of serious sculpture lovers turned out for the ceremony.
Came the moment for unveiling, and the string was pulled.
There, on a platform were two charming artists' models from London, clad in filmy layers of cloth, their faces and very shapely bodies covered with white paint.
Though they were sitting out of hand, a newspaper announced that Sir Charles Darwin would

The first reply came from a soldier at Fort Sill, Okla. He said he knew what it was like not to receive letters, then gave some friendly advice to little Miss Capron.

"As I was sitting down under a palm tree in front of my home at sundown one evening, your letter came blowing into my lap—driven by the first monsoon winds.

"Are you pretty? How old are you?" asked the writer, who said he did not read English well and that the letter was being written for him by an uncle.

It turned out, however, that the post office had addressed Janet and the law of gravitation in the dispatch of the letters to Fort Sil and Rangoon. Not to mention a man named David B.

Magee, a neighbour of the Captains, found several of the letters on the ground. To cheer the child, he mailed them to a soldier brother at Fort Sill and to another with the US Information Agency in Burma. He asked that they reply or pass the letter along to someone who would.

The Fort Sill Magazine—Lieutenant Frederick H—did his own writing. Whether the Burma Magee, Christopher, was the mysterious "uncle" who wrote the Rangoon postmarked letter has not yet been determined.

New York.


Thomas Corrigan told a judge he wasn't trying to escape when he left a police prison van en-route to the station house. He fell off and was trying to catch up with the truck, he said.

Policeman Walter Stiehler said that as the truck moved along he saw a shadow on the pavement. It turned out to be Corrigan, who was quickly restored to his place in the

the van. I was just trying to get their attention so I could get back in. I would have run all the way to police headquarters, if necessary." — United Press.

[illegible]

Practical John, though, meanwhile was keeping under cover. Koenig frequently advertises in the Times of London after his service for "more than a successful political agent and the like. Services here apparently had not been United States.



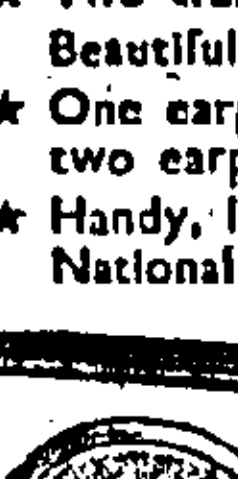
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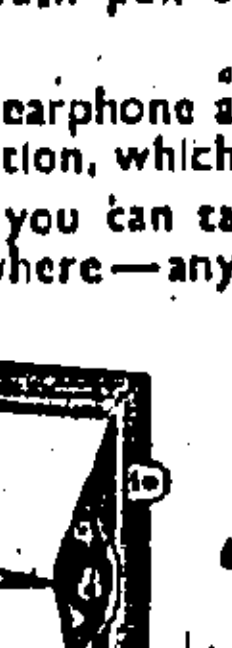
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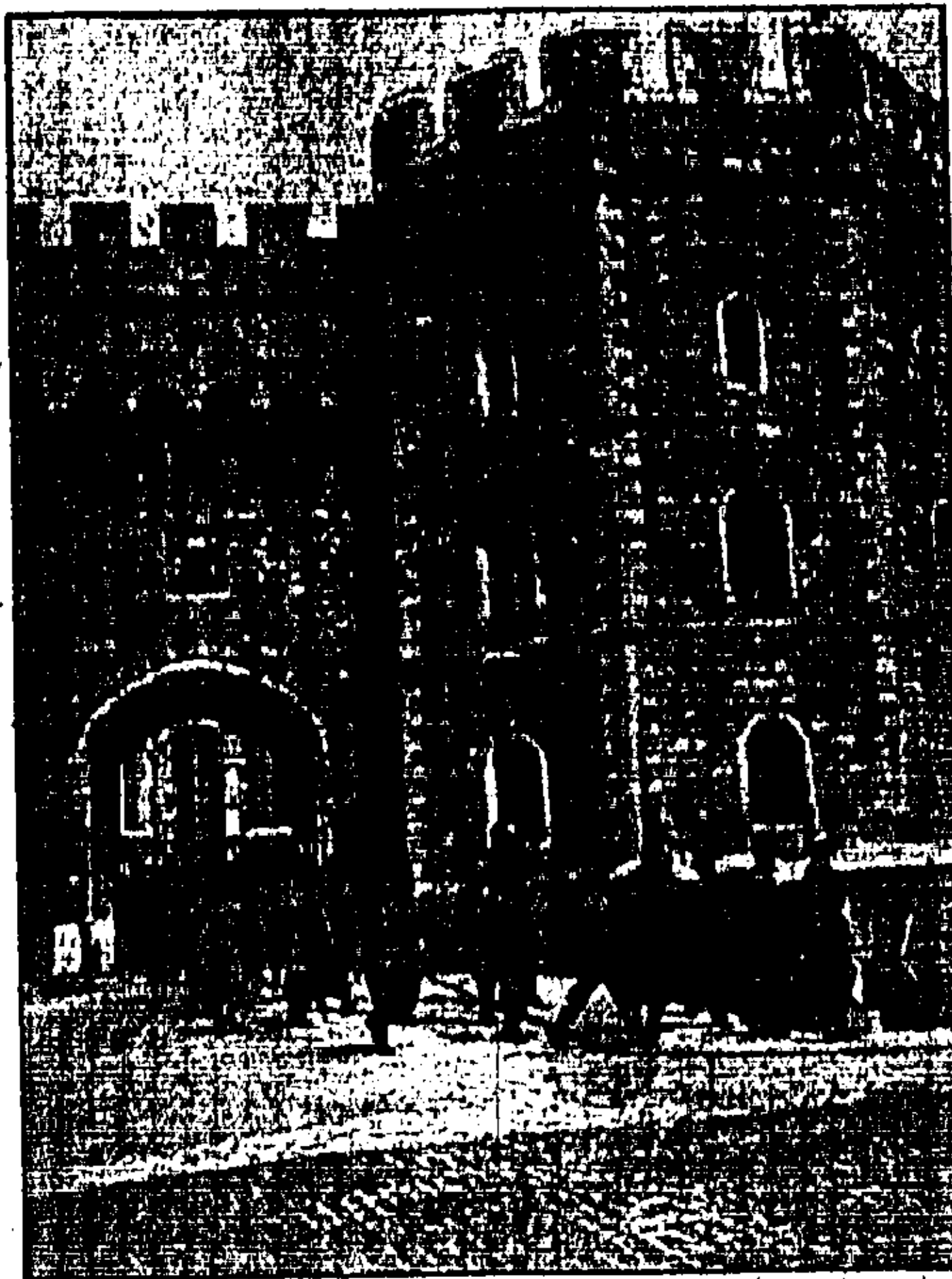
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QUEEN Elizabeth the Queen Mother, back from her visit to Rhodesia and Nyasaland... seen here at the Bulawayo centre for physically handicapped children built as a memorial to King George VI. (Express)



NEW layouts in London are designed to cut down the amount of office accommodation available in central London... otherwise, say planners, rush hour crowds increasing at 10,000 a year will soon be jammed solid and central London will become one huge office block. (Express)



LEFT: The Prime Minister loaned part of his house, Birchwood, in Sussex, and the grounds to the public in aid of nursing charities. And while the fun was on he even had to pay his young grandson, Alexander, 1s for a bottle of 'home brewed pop.' (Express)



LEFT: The King's African Rifles touring England spend their time off touring the places to remember. This one is Windsor Castle in which they have just seen over the Royal Apartments. (Army News)

RIGHT: Japanese actress Izumi Yukimura (18) flew into London from the Berlin Film Festival... brought with her a touch of Oriental fruit blossom. (Express)



WRONG? Mario MacDonald flies in for a 24 hour visit from the US... lays claim to British romantic actor Michael Wilding—"Michael and I have been going together for eight months". Her current divorce became final at the end of July—but by that time she had flown off again for a TV film with Bob Hope in Casablanca. (Express)



LEFT: Ismaili Moslems from all over the East have been flocking to Geneva to pay last respects to the late Aga Khan. And 7-year-old Yasmin, daughter of Ali and Rita Hayworth, comes in for some of the attention. (Express)



Cary Grant has been hitting the headlines, and pushing himself back into the £180,000 a year class by saying that hypnosis has saved him from ruin. His wife and he practise it on each other. "It makes us more relaxed—and I am quite sure that being relaxed is the reason for my being back in films again." Hypnotism has so far charmed away tobacco, liquor, driving fast cars fast. (Express)

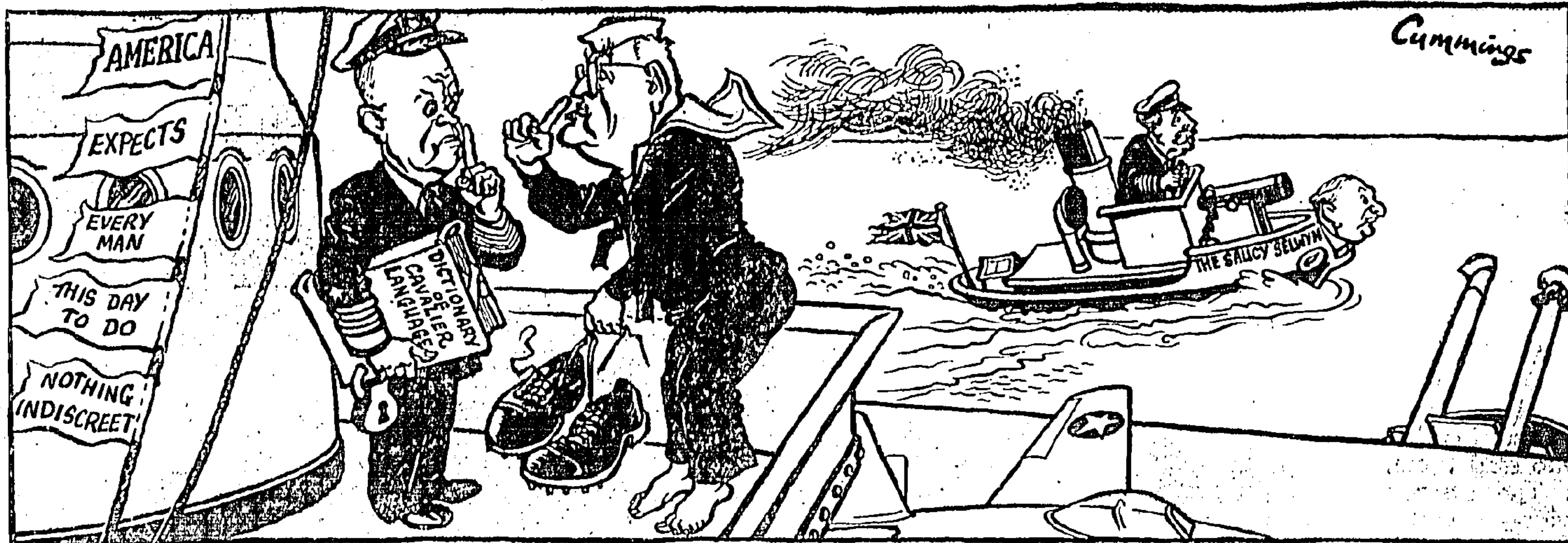
NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ALL QUIET ON THE PERSIAN GULF

—by CUMMINGS



"Sssh!"

Once they cheered us . . .

Now they insult our dead

Let's show we CAN get angry

THIS morning a harsh, hot sun will be beating down on the Mediterranean island of Rhodes.

And there, in the glare of that sun, will be 65 small mounds freshly turned from the rocky soil.

Spare a moment's thought for that sunlit scene this morning and for the men who lie beneath those rough mounds.

They are the British Servicemen whose bodies were dug up by Greek shovels from their resting-place on the island of Cos, where they fought and died.

I knew many of those men. I knew them when they were alive and strong and young. And as I remember them now my mind goes back to a moment 14 years ago.

It was one hour before dusk on a Friday in late September. I was flying a biplane over the rock-studded Aegean Sea. We were one and a half hours out from Cyprus flying low.

My navigator was Flight-Lieutenant Thomas of 222 Squadron, my passenger Air Vice-Marshal Saul, who was in command of the operation to capture Cos and Leros, as advance bases in the liberation of Greece.

For this was September 1923. Remember what was happening. The Allies had been pushing through Sicily. And suddenly the amazing news burst. Mussolini had been imprisoned by his own people. The Italians were pulling out of the war. The Axis had crumbled into open.

Desolate

THINGS were going very very well. But you might not have thought so if you had been with us in that beautiful in the evening sky.

Things of our situation. Over Cos, our right was the coast of Turkey, and on our left, six or seven miles distant, the German-occupied island of Rhodes.

We could see German Messerschmitts flying over Rhodes, circling the island, which was one of the biggest and strongest in the Aegean. We flew on underneath their radar screen, and unseen by their fighters. We approached Cos at dusk, wheels down, and fired our recognition signals.

Let me tell you what Cos is like.

It is a thin desolate sliver of rock jutting out of the sea. It is 25 miles long, five miles wide. The landing strip, if you could call it such, was close to the sea, 600 yards long. It was simply a narrow gash on the side of a hill. It was easily recognizable because there were six burned out Dakotas lying around the perimeter.

The men in those Dakotas under the command of Whitney Straight had landed that afternoon. They had managed to drag their supplies out just before the Messerschmitts came in and blew them up.

I SOON LEARNED JUST HOW GUM THE WHOLE SET-UP WAS.

Number 7 Spitfire Squadron of the South African Air Force had landed three days previously. They had been having a wretched time.

The Germans would send over a bomber as a decoy. The Messerschmitts waited on the landing strip, and the Spitfires took out, and then in they came.

They got the South African pilots as they turned away from the island, flying slowly in a climb.

The South Africans looked pretty tired, and said they were. The pilots were all big, tall fellows, commanded by Major Van Fleet. Their food was short, their cooks—who were simple South African tribesmen—were terrified of the landing, so meals were erratic and infrequent. The water was brackish. The pilots rested anywhere they could get some sleep: outhouses, farm-houses, or tents pitched in narrow ravines.

Why ever had we taken on this fantastic operation? That's what the men I met could not understand. Why, just when things seemed to be going so splendidly for the Allies, should we try to land and hold on to this tiny island right under the noses of the Germans with the nearest British base 400 miles away? What was the point of it all?

That evening Air Marshal Saul called everyone together. We walked down into a narrow valley where he explained to pilots and ground crew why we were there.

I remember that talk well. I remember the scrub-covered

by
MAX AITKEN

hillside and this air marshal's quiet voice in the still evening air.

He told us how the decision had been taken on the surrender of the Italians to jump into these islands which are half-way to Greece, forty miles, hold them, and make them the spearhead for our landing in German-held Greece.

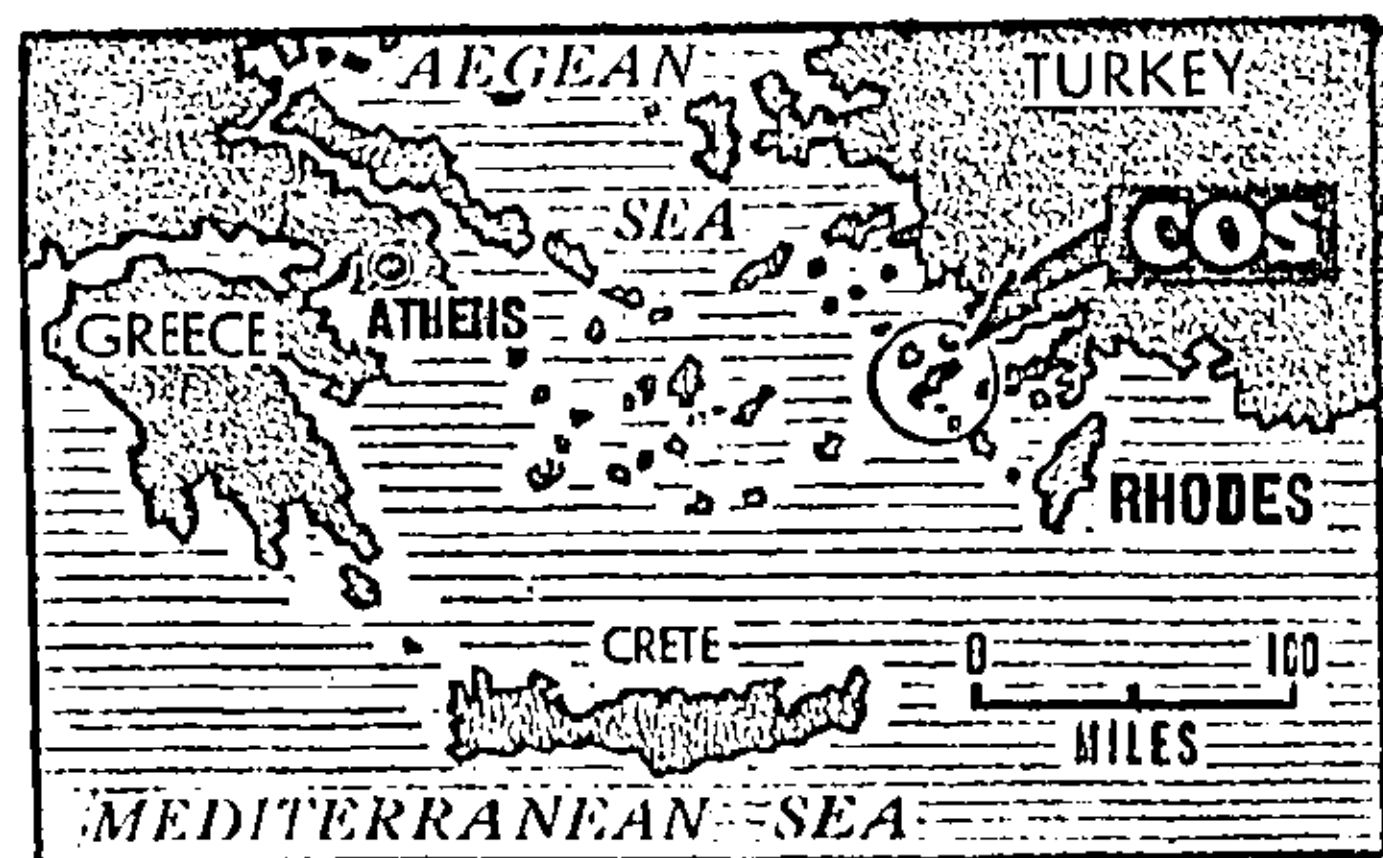
Surrender?

HE explained that it could mean a tremendous change in the course of the war if we could come up, as Churchill described it, on the soft underbelly of Europe.

It could eliminate the weary attack up through Italy. It could mean a complete change in the concept of the war.

Then the air marshal's voice grew grave. He turned to the situation which faced us on the island of Cos.

He said that our Middle East H.Q. had hoped that the Italians on their surrender would overcome the Germans in Rhodes, but this had not happened. The Germans were there in strength. They were reinforcing Rhodes from Crete, and no doubt were preparing to launch an all-out attack on Cos and the neighbouring island of Leros, which we had also seized.



All who listened in the quiet of that late evening realized the desperate nature of the operation and the consequences. Then came the air marshal's final words. He said:—

"Perhaps you have two or three tough weeks in front of you. But think of these people over there—and his pointed out to sea where Greece lay beyond the horizon—"those are our friends the Greeks. They have had two whole years of it under the Germans. They are our allies, our friends. We owe it to them to hold this island to the last man if it means them getting their freedom earlier."

And so the men I stood with in that parched little valley went back to their duties thinking of the friends they had never seen, their friends in Greece. For their sake, they went back gladly to prepare for the German attack.

The next day the South Africans were reinforced by two British squadrons. The famous 74, under "Squad" Hayter, and 274, under Johnnie Morgan.

These two famous British squadrons were welcomed joyfully. Both squadron commanders were enthusiastic and gay. Both were beautiful pilots.

Seventy-four Squadron was moved down on to a flat, sandy beach, which it used as its runway.

Meanwhile the four companies of the Durham Light Infantry, who were the local military force on the island, were fortifying their positions, and supplies were being pushed through at night in special fast boats disguised as Greek traders. One R.A.F. air-sea rescue boat was disguised as a Turkish yacht.

German air activity had quietened down, and the time was used to try to fortify the island better. More Bofors guns, more ammunition, and more food.

But it was plain to all that the lull in German activity meant an impending attack.

No one, however, expected the violence with which it arrived. The landings started at dawn on October 2. There was low cloud and fog.

Pilots of 74 Squadron down on the beach heard the

meant freedom for Greece, and they threw everything in to stop it.

The sea around these islands became a grave for many British and Empire fighting men, but on the island of Cos itself 65 British dead were recently buried, airmen, soldiers and seamen.

These 65 men and their comrades who found no grave knew this was not just another battle. It was a hazardous operation fought on Greek soil for the freedom of Greece.

Now their bodies have been dug up. They have been carted off from their lonely resting place like corpses in a plague. And all because the Greeks say they want to build a pot-house there.

Can any act be more spiteful than this?

The Greeks have armed our enemies in Cyprus. The guns which killed and maimed so many of our young men there were shipped with a smile from Greek ports. Now comes the insult to our dead.

What can we do about it? For there is a time for patience

and diplomacy. But there is a time for anger too.

At the moment the average British housewife buys 11lb. of Greek currants every year. That may sound a trivial thing, but the Greek economy depends on this trade.

Why, then, should not every household boycott Greek currants? Why not ask instead for currants from Australia and South Africa?

THE EFFECT ON GREECE WOULD BE DEVASTATING.

Then there are those who spend their holiday money in Greece.

This year nearly 20,000 British tourists are planning to visit the mainland of Greece. Sir Campbell Mackenzie is conducting a special culture tour of Greek temples and ruins. Other fashionable tours will follow.

And every tourist will be helping to finance the Greeks in their campaign of hate.

Why help them? The white columns on the Acropolis have stood for over 2,000 years. They will still be there when the little men who have inherited them are finally forced to behave like civilized people once again.

HOW WELL DO YOU SLEEP?

IN the early hours of the morning, when most are turning gently in their sleep or quietly snoring, some lie terribly awake. Are you one of them? Are you like Mrs Wilson, who, as the clock ticks loudly on the mantelpiece and the grey light of dawn edges through the curtain, gives in, and leans towards the bedside table for sleeping tablets?

"I didn't use to be like that," she said. "When I was younger I could sleep on a clothes line. My head just laid to touch a pillow, and I was away. Now I'm like a neurotic film star."

Mrs Wilson wasn't a neurotic sort of person at all. She just didn't realize that, with advancing age, people need fewer hours sleep—though they need more rest.

"Be sensible, Mrs Wilson," I said, "and accept the fact that you sleep less because you need less sleep."

In any case, as we grow older we compensate for broken nights by taking naps during the day. Think of grandpa and grandma.

They, incidentally, know the value of not going to bed on an overloaded stomach. The main meal of the day should not be taken too late at night. It is best to eat earlier, and take a light snack just before turning in.

"Biscuits and a glass of milk for example," I advised.

On the other hand, some can't go to sleep because they are physically or mentally over-tired. Big executives, for example, who have to scheme continually and whose hours are counted in crises are just too fatigued at the end of a day.

They are so on edge that their muscles are in a state of tension. And the key to sleep is not only a healthy mind but relaxation of the muscles.

Some, of course, don't sleep as well as they might because of illness or physical discomfort. Conditions like arthritis and neuritis may become more noticeable at night. All the same, patients such as these shouldn't become too dependent on sedatives. Often they have insomnia, not because of pain but because they expect pain.

Change that idea and there is no need to take sedatives. Easy to say, Mrs Wilson commented, but what do you propose instead?

Self hypnosis, I replied. It started her.

Just as in hypnosis the mind, at first, should be made as blank as possible. Then the jaw should be allowed to sag and all muscles relaxed completely. The tip of the tongue allowed to touch the lower teeth.

"Try it yourself," I said.

Mrs Wilson sat back in the chair with her eyes just closed. She was practising.

"Mrs Wilson," I said, "have you tried a night-cap?"

She seemed engrossed.

"Mrs Wilson," I had to shout loudly.



"So you're against sleeping pills, doctor?"

"Not always," I replied.

Sedatives can be most helpful for short periods. The danger is they can become a habit. The secret is to break that fixed idea in the mind which is expressed in the sentence: I just can't sleep without my pills, doctor.

It's strange but the main factor in so many who suffer from insomnia is fear of insomnia. They go to bed thinking, "I'll be restless all night—dawn in the morning, and look washed out." And that's what happens. It is the original idea that is wrong.

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SUNLIT ISLES, CAREFREE PEOPLE, VILLAGE SCANDAL...

The day a white man pulled a gun in court

• The islanders called him Kurimbo. He went among them to rule; he stayed with them as their friend. Then he distilled the magic of those enchanted shores in stories...stories that seized the imagination of all who read them, half the world away. Today: The strange episode of a silent battle of wills—from Sir Arthur Grimble's last book, RETURN TO THE ISLANDS.

WHEN my formidable first chief, E. C. Elliot, was teaching me my job as a district officer in the Gilbert Islands, he was fond of saying: "You can't intimidate these people in the mass, so don't ever be fool enough to try. It's their consciences you have to work on when they get sticky; nothing else."

I didn't make much of his words at the time, but I had occasion to remember them a few years later. It was when a sick and unhappy individual, whom I shall call Albert, came trailing up to Tarawa from the Southern Gilberts with a tale that the people of Arorae Island had tried to murder him.

Albert was a stop-gap in the administrative machine, a temporary, provisional, acting district officer. True, he spoke a bit of Gilbertese, but badly, and his ranting talk about missionaries was a byword everywhere.

Yes, Albert was a mistake—a private letter to me from the native magistrate of Arorae explained how enormous "the" came among us breathing hate of our religion and shouting threats against our pastors. It ran, "and that was the beginning of our sorrows."

In other words, he had conceived a bitter jealousy of the influence of the London Missionary Society's brown pastors in the Southern Islands. "Timoni," the report continued, "the report came, told us to be patient; so we suffered his talk in silence."

By Sir Arthur Grimble

for a week and three days. And then arose the matter of Nei Tabita.

Nei Tabita was a pretty village girl on whom Albert's roving eye had fallen. She, instead of submitting with joy to his forceful advances one evening near his house, stayed only to hurl a fallen coconut at him, then fled arrow-swift through the palm grove to the dwelling of her uncle, a native pastor. The pastor, a big man, came out and showed Albert off with a broom and epithets of biblical frankness...

"So the day after," continued the magistrate, "he came to me, saying 'Punish me that insolent pastor.' I replied, 'For what crime in the Book of Laws shall I punish him?' He answered nothing, but the next morning he returned, saying, 'You show favour to Christians. You are not fit to be a magistrate.' And he pushed me out of my middle seat at the table of justice, forcing me to sit beside him."

"Sitting in judgment instead of me with a revolver before him, he sent men and women to prison for offences not named in the Book of Laws."

And when my council of village headmen said, "This revolver is not the law," he sent them also to prison for contempt of court. But because Timoni, the chief pastor, said "Patience! Keep the peace," we suffered that man for yet another four weeks and four days, lifting no hand against him. Nevertheless, our young men began to murmur, "If this is the law, let us quickly make an end of it."

The end came when Albert entered his seventh week on Arorae. I will reconstruct that final scene now from the notes I took later, on the spot. He had called a general meeting in the speak-house for more talk about the pastors, and a big crowd of men and women had turned up.

But when he tried to address them, a mysterious sound arose; just a hum-mmmmm-mmmmm from behind closed lips, untraceable to any particular part of the audience.

The salvation of Albert

HE stopped talking; the hum stopped, too. He glared into their faces. Sealed on the floor, they stared back at him, silent. He began again; so did the hum. At a third attempt, he tried to shout it down; its volume grew to the burden of a church organ.

It was the sight of him, roaring and livid in his seat at last, that broke up the peaceful game. A couple of youths burst into raucous laughter. He whipped round to his wretched orderly: "Arrest those two!" he yelled.

The orderly tried to obey, but men leaped up and held him off. And then Albert did the stupidest thing of his life; he snatched his gun from the table and pointed it at them.

A woman screamed. "Death! He brings us death!" That loosed pandemonium; they all went berserk together; the whole audience charged. In a couple of seconds he was down, stunned, under their trampling feet.

They would certainly have finished him then but for one lucky circumstance. Timoni, the chief pastor, had a wife whose colossal weight—24½st.—was superbly matched by her agility and loving kindness.

She, seeing Albert's desperate plight, converted herself forthwith into a flying mountain of salvation. Her hurtling mass swept the astonished crowd back like flies from carrion. She fell upon the prostrate body. Albert disappeared from view.

Timoni and half a dozen other pastors, ringing the two around, beat back all who dared to charge again with stunning two-handed swings of their enormous black blibbs. So it came about that Albert's life was saved by the very men whose influence he had come to break on Arorae.

I turned from the books to Natan: "Well, you tell me yourself how you got into prison."

Nothing in the records

"WELL, for heaven's sake, what is Natan in for?" I asked the court scribe, starting with an aged fisherman, a very old friend of mine.

"For no crime that I know of," the scribe answered glumly. "But what's in the records? What charge...what evidence...what did you write in the books?"

"Nothing," he said, and that ran for all the 63. The records were just blank about them. Albert had dispensed with nonsense like charges and evidence.

I turned from the books to Natan: "Well, you tell me yourself how you got into prison."

This was his story:—

"The white man came to my village, saying, 'You will be my fisherman,' but I said to him, 'I am a free man and I do not

The magistrate gave nothing but the barest bones of the last act in his letter. Also, he named no names. Clearly he wasn't going to be interested in identifications later on. "The table of justice was overturned upon me and I saw nothing," he put it, and added, "Furthermore, I think that the only sinner in this matter was that man. This, I know, is not according to the law. Therefore I am no longer fit to remain in office. Therefore, I have locked away my uniform in the Government safe and returned to my village, Farwell."

The problem his resignation had left on ice, for whenever it might occur, was packed into a neat postscript: "The people say that that man was struck down by all of them together. They have sworn to resist anyone who comes seeking to bring this person or that among them to trial."

Obviously something had to be done soon. Someone just had to be brought to trial, unless some law was to stand condemned on Arorae. This was the bone I felt I had better go and pick with them down there.

My arrival at Arorae wasn't a triumphant affair; no canoes came out to see me ashore; I was dumped on the beach by the ship's dinghy. Not a soul but the ex-magistrate stood at the beachhead to greet me. He wasn't there officially, he said, but only to warn me against staying overnight.

"The ship's leaving me here for a month," I told him—"but where are the village headmen? Why didn't they, at least, come along? Or did they resign in a hunch when you did?"

"They did not resign. That man sent them to prison, as I reported to you," he replied, "and they are still in prison."

I walked past him towards the island speak-house, usually so packed for visitors, now so forlornly empty: "Go and get your uniform on," I told him, "then go to the prison and bring the village headmen here, also in uniform. Maybe we can straighten a few things out between us."

Half an hour later, a fully constituted and uniformed island court was reinstalled in the speak-house. Arorae's prison population was normally five or six, but 63 men and women were lined up that day.

By that time, I had dripped myself dry of ideas, and the only breakaway I could think of was to rush non-stop into an adjournment: I think my voice jumped a full octave with the strain of it as I twittered, "Well, that's all about Tarawa and all for today so goodbye we shall meet again and you shall be blest." I was on my feet with the last words.

That too shook me deeply. They actually gave me back the traditional "You shall be blest" all together, quite heartily, before anyone came out of the haze. I was almost clear of the speak-house when someone tried again: "But Kurimbo... that man!"

The voice was definitely plaudible this time, which somehow gave me strength to answer quickly. "Aye, yes, I had forgotten. Thanks for the reminder. Good Christians all of you. He also shall be blest. This floored me out."

A visit from chief pastor Timoni had me up at sunrise. He, of course, knew all the facts of the attack and gave me to me freely. He named no names, however, and I didn't want any from him. You can't make a stooge of a missionary. Besides, the only radical cure for this trouble was for Albert's attackers to give themselves up of their own accord, and so short-circuit the foolish pact to resist their arrest.

That solution seemed beyond hope to me, but not to Timoni. "They would refuse today," he said, "because their consciences are still asleep. But later... when you have done your part... things will be different."

My part, according to him, was to awaken the general public conscience for a start. I agreed. "That's a grand idea, but how do I get them going?"

"Do as you have begun," he smiled. "Ask no questions; answer no questions; say never a word about that man; nevertheless, go much among the people, laughing with them all the time. Do nothing but this at first."

"But, Timoni, why should being friendly start them thinking? Just the reverse, I'd have thought!"

His answer struck me as more than a bit sententious: "They have taken the guilt of those men upon themselves, and guilt walks ashamed in the face of friendship."

"Hm. All right. So then?"

"Then the people will begin to wonder aloud, saying: 'This white man is our friend. He loves to laugh and play on Arorae. Yet he continually hides something from us. What is it he hides?' And one will whisper to another, 'Imagining all manner of things, until at last they will send a deputation to you, saying: 'Kurimbo, what are you hiding from us?' And you will say 'Nothing,' and they will go away empty, and the people will wonder still more, until presently someone will start a whisper: 'What is about to happen to us?'"

"But, Timoni," I objected, "where's all that going to lead us? Threats of danger, or punishment just don't frighten Gilbertese men."

"Yes," he said, "that is what they are thinking: a battle cruiser will come and take you away from here, and when it is far out at sea—so far that none can see it—it will turn and fire all day and all night at Arorae, until not a man, not a pig, not a chicken is left alive. This it will do because of the injury done to a white man."

There had been meeting after meeting about it. The hundreds who hadn't even been present at Albert's downfall were asking why they should be destroyed with those who had.

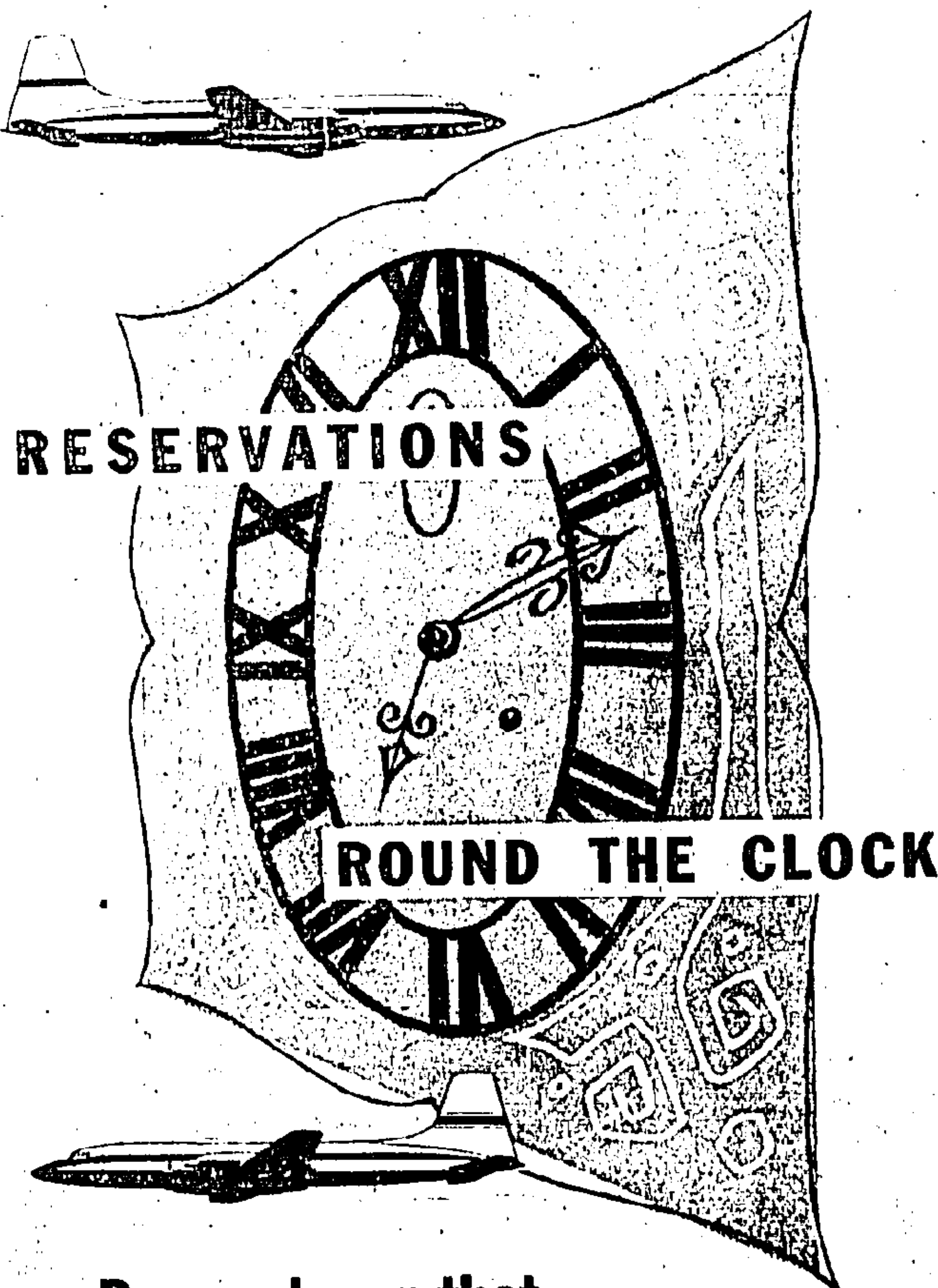
The first deputation came along two nights later—a dozen men in the prime of life, wearing the long white waistcloths of their island. They had a card to play and came to the point with a pitiful show of confidence: "Kurimbo, we have been thinking. We are here to offer a gift. In spite of what that man did to us, we are sorry for our anger, so we offer him 20 loaves of copra..." They propped, in short, to settle with Albert out of court, and no questions asked.

Remembering Albert, however, I couldn't believe it would work that way on Arorae.

(Continued on Page 7)



Nei Tabita stayed only to hurl a coconut, then fled through the palms...



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• This series is adapted from Return to the Islands, by Sir Arthur Grimble, to be published by John Murray. Last week's photographs were from the film Pacific Destiny, based on Sir Arthur's earlier book A Pattern on Islands.

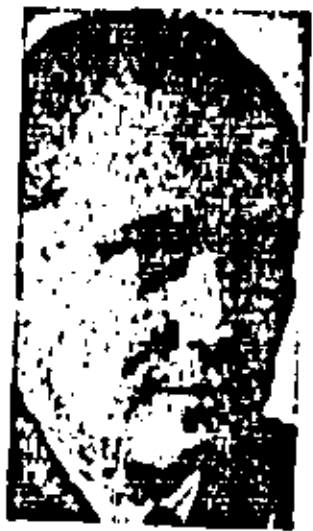
QUICK-on-the-DRAW COUSINS-

He could become sheriff

FRANK Cousins, said a trade union historian to me, is like a gunman in a Wild West saga. Not a bad gunman, but a good gunman. A kind of Robin Hood of the prairies. He is going through an heroic, tempestuous phase. And he is qualifying.

For what? Why, to become the sheriff. And when he becomes the sheriff, the upholder of law and order, the reputation he is now building for being "quick on the draw" will be one of his greatest assets.

But let any hombre step out of line when Frank is the sheriff—why, he'll soon be shot down—by Frank.



by
TREVOR EVANS

The fear

IT would please some to see Mr Cousins "settling down," but others are alarmed by a world in which he would dispense his kind of law and order. For "Sheriff" Frank as the custodian of trade union regulation might not only interpret the rules but seek to make them as well.

He is already the head of the country's biggest union. He would like to see the T.U.C. endorsed by the whole T.U.C.

And he thinks it reasonable for the Socialist Party to give "political expression" to what the unions decide. And that could mean what Mr Cousins decides.

Personally, I think that is an unjustified fear. My bet is that

he will mellow, and be more tolerant on minorities, always provided, of course, they are not too violent to his majority.

But just now he is still on the way up. He will need allies to get to the top. He still has to win them. But he has one inestimable inducement.

His block vote of 1,300,000 is the mightiest weapon in the trade union armoury. It can shatter rivals. It often means the difference between victory and defeat for controversial policies. No wonder he demands attention.

For these days Mr Cousins is everywhere. He makes news. He has been making news ever since he became the general secretary of the mighty Transport and General Workers' Union, with 1,300,000 members

In a hundred industries, just over a year ago. I have a sardonic feeling inside of me when I recall that earlier this year I was advising him how useful a public relations man could be to his organisation.

He appeared to be listening intently. But he has done nothing about it. Come to think of it, why should he?

There isn't a public relations man living who could get Frank "into the papers" as frequently as he manages to do it for himself.

But let me add that he is no publicity-seeker. On the contrary, he is sensitive about many references to him. None of the "don't-mind-what-they-say-as-long-as-they-say-it" attitude in him.

Grenade

ANYONE in his tremendously key job, influencing as it does the whole T.U.C. as well as the Socialist Party, would attract some attention. It is Frank Cousins himself who holds it.

Today he is the generalissimo behind the disputes on the provincial bus routes and in Covent Garden. Today, too, he will dominate the secret talks between the Githams management and the T.U.C. on the future of the Daily Herald.

On Wednesday night he threw a verbal hand-grenade into the orderly proceedings at the Treasury by asking Mr Thornycroft, the Chancellor, what the Government would do if the T.U.C. refused to read the advice of the Government's proposed super-court on inflationary problems.

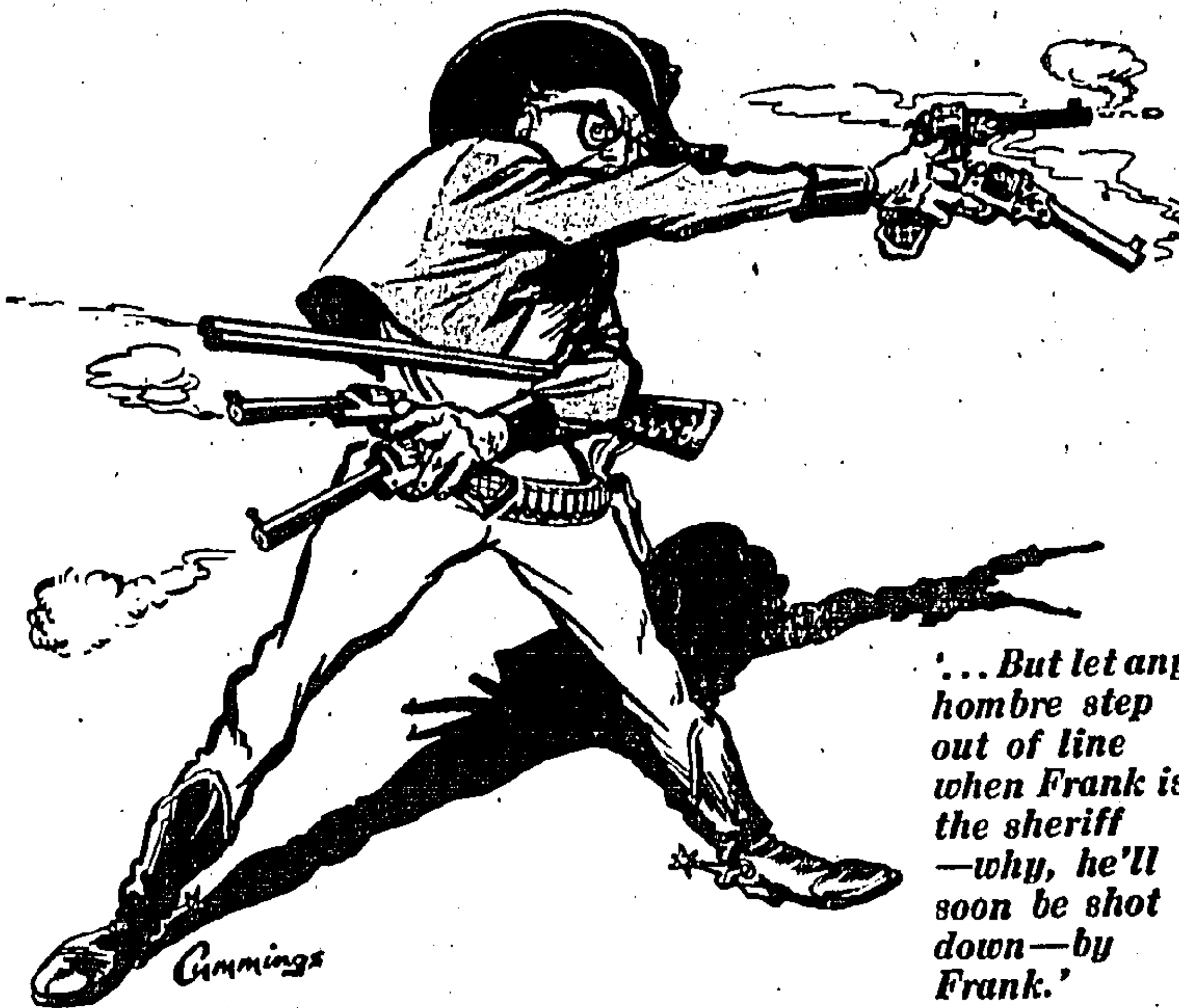
The other T.U.C. chiefs were as startled as Mr Thornycroft. And when courteous Sir Thomas Williamson, T.U.C. chairman, pointed out the T.U.C. had not considered this, Frank Cousins brusquely told Sir Tom not to interrupt.

Masterly

THROUGHOUT last week, when his union held its conference at Torquay, Mr Cousins spoke 50 times, his deputy, Mr Harry Nicholas, twice, and the other 13 national officers were left out in the cold.

Were they upset? Some were. But the delegates loved Mr Cousins. He could not give them enough. His manner was masterly. An analysis of his matter was revealing. It was not nearly as "left" as his reputation.

If Mr Cousins does plan to raise himself to domination of the whole trade union movement of Britain, little of what he said



last week can be thrown back to embarrass him in the future.

Selfish?

HE rebuked me recently for describing him as selfish. This was before his mike-hogging marathon at Torquay. He swore to me then that he is not selfish. I accept that.

But another word, another description, must be found for what some of his enemies call his megalomania, and others his exhibitionism. Oh, yes, Mr Cousins has made enemies, and he knows it.

It is a matter which he shrugs off with surprising indifference. I say surprising, for this Yorkshire ex-miner, ex-lorry driver, got in for perceptive self-analysis with extraordinary detachment, and he must realise that for any man seeking power friends are more useful than enemies.

And now we get near to the secret of Frank Cousins. For he has his friends, his devoted admirers. They are the great majority of the members of his union.

For them he works prodigious hours. For most others he has an almost arrogant intolerance. This theory explains both the Treasury incident and the dazzling prominence he allo-

cated to himself at his union's conference last week.

So for "selfish" let us substitute what Cousins himself told me.

"I am jealous for my organisation." And his interpretation of this jealousy is to make certain that none, whether in the inner council chambers of the T.U.C., on public platforms, or in the inner sanctums of Whitehall, may be permitted to forget the importance of the Transport Worker's Union.

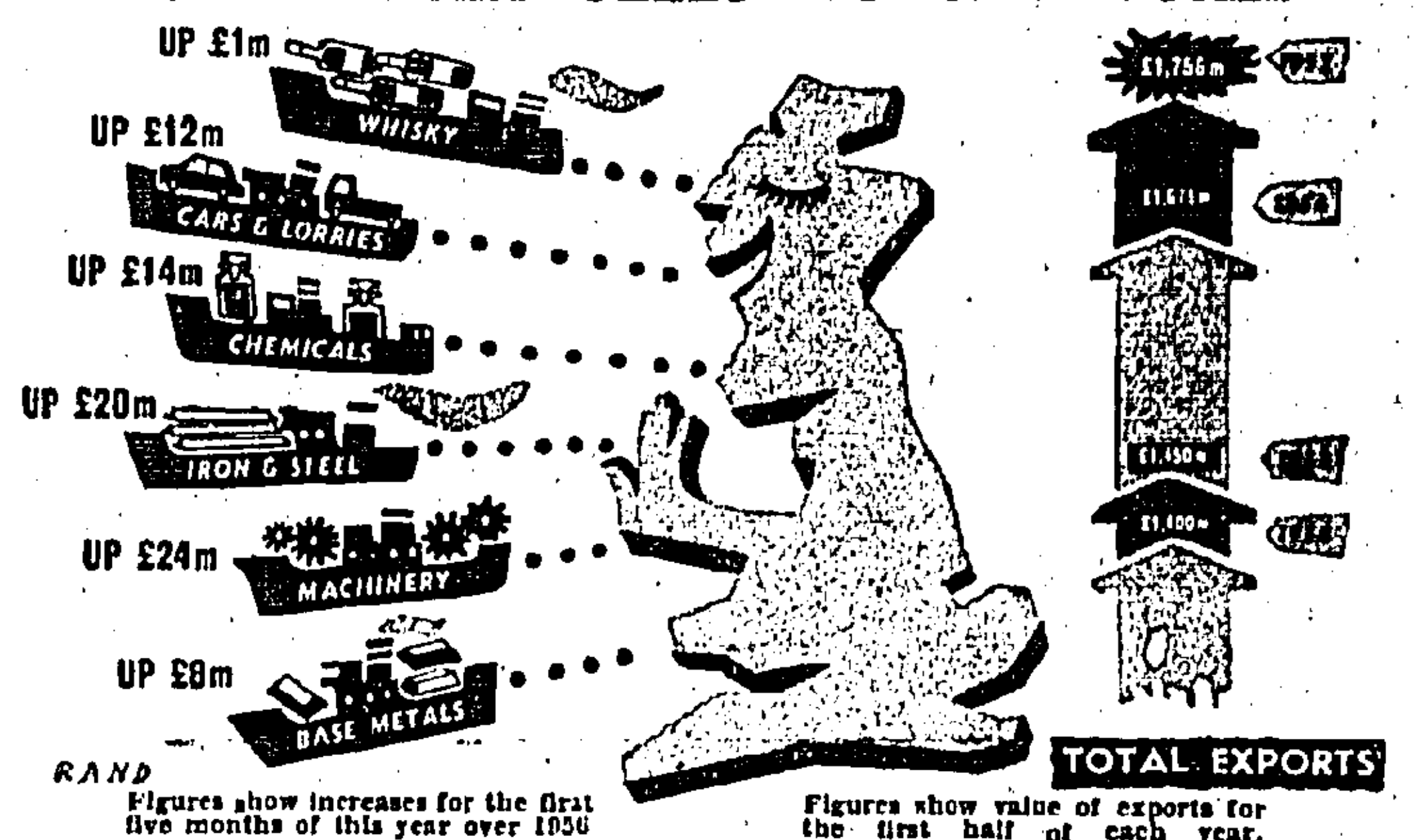
The future

HE fascinates me. Often he bewilders me. If he doesn't make an unlikely, unholy slip inside his union he is bound, at 52, to be a big shot for years to come.

I hope most of those years will see him as the upholder of law and order.

As the sheriff whose gunplay is only a nostalgic memory.

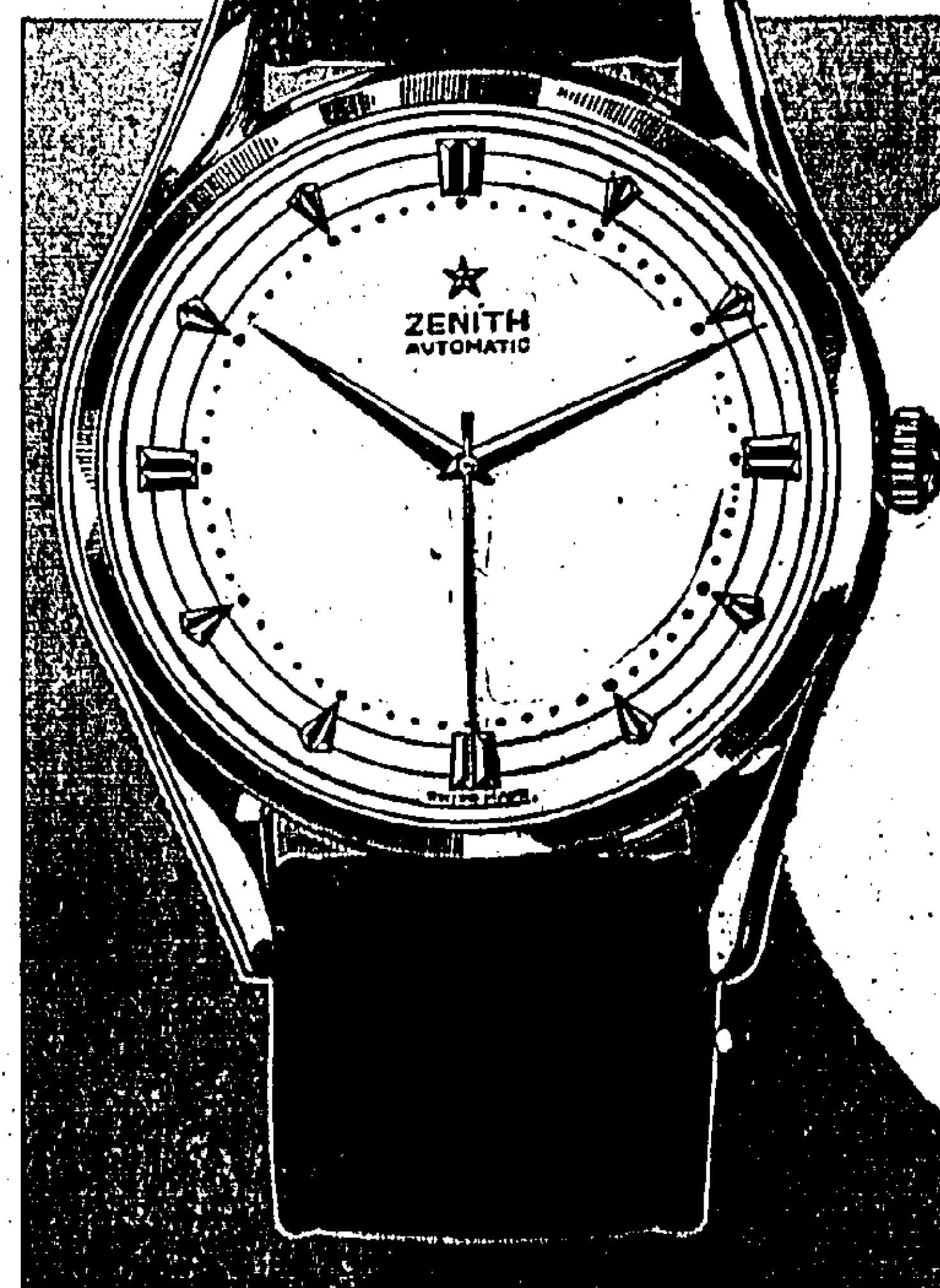
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Continued from page 6 RETURN TO THE ISLANDS by Sir Arthur Grimble

It was an enormous sum by island reckoning. I wanted them out of their misery, and the idea tempted me until my mind asked why the whole island should pay for the work of a few. Then, because I had wavered, I answered tartly: "And what if he dies of his injuries? How much compensation? Or if not compensation, who will pay the price?"

I wasn't trying to bluff them. I intended nothing but to blow their case out. But they read my rhetorical questions as meaning that Albert was dying or dead. Since the pastors had saved his life, nobody had conceived of that possibility. I saw their faces suddenly stricken with the thought: the murder of a white man. I could see them thinking all together. Is he dead? And wondering what would happen if he were.

I should have tried to knock the idea out of their heads at once; half of me wanted to, but the cautious half refused. I said instead, "As you're imagining punishments, remember what I told Timoni: no battle cruiser is coming to Arorae."

I added other things—Britain didn't do things like that, and so forth—but they only stared at me in sick silence until I stopped. And then someone whispered, so low that his voice barely came through the blanketing roar of the surf: "Kurimbo... you are our friend... what are you hiding from us?"

They left in silence

THAT "you are our friend" I shared me into almost shouting the truth: "Don't be silly! I didn't say he was going to die. He's not." But it made no difference. They left without a word.

Next night it was the magistrate alone who came. "Kurimbo," he opened, after some preliminary dithering, "what news have you for us?"

"No news at all for you," I answered, "except what I told these men last night." It was hard on him, perhaps, but his cock-and-bull stuff about seeing nothing when Albert was attacked still rankled. Besides, I wanted no official intermediary between the people and me at that point.

Two evenings later a shabby old voice from the darkness outside announced the arrival of another deputation: "Kurimbo... you shall be blessed... we visit you."

The right answer was: "You shall be blessed. Enter. Enter." As I replied, I set the hurricane lamp on the floor at my feet. Five old men, every one a friend, drifted in formally and sat crumpled on the mat beyond it.

Tobacco was passed round, pipes were lit; I talked banalities; they answered with courteous courtesy; I talked on to those bowed white heads; and that is all that happened.

Hand-in-hand they waited

THEIR limitless good manners just would not let them pry behind the veil I had myself created. After a heart-breaking hour, I could keep it up no longer; a desolated silence fell upon us.

They rose unsteadily: "Kurimbo... we go... you shall be blessed."

It was hard to see them leave, like that, empty of all but forebodings. I called after them: "No warship is coming. No warship. Never. Do you hear?" "We hear," one of them

replied, but they took it as just another evasion.

I went to bed, as miserable as any of them, and was half asleep when I heard low voices in the other room. Ten people were waiting there, grouped in pairs, the five old men of the deputation, each with a younger man clinging to his hand. That way grown men had of holding hands always moved me with its innocence.

One of the elders led his companion forward a step or two. "This is my adopted grandson. These are our sons or grandsons," he whispered, and stopped.

At last they understood

I GUESSED the rest before the young man spoke: "We have stood on guard about this house for three days, waiting for you by night, Kurimbo. And now we have come with our fathers and grandfathers to give ourselves up. We killed that man."

"You didn't kill him, you idiots," I remember shouting. "You didn't kill him; he's not dead; he isn't going to die." I kept on babbling just that, and nothing else. It got through to them at last. The old men were weeping. "Our sons will not be hanged?" "No battle cruiser will come?" "You are hiding nothing from us?"—the quivering chorus of questions broke me up completely. I found myself exchanging hugs with all of them.

So the next day the young men came to stand their trial before the native court.

The whole island packed the speak-house. A long, groaning sigh went up as they pleaded guilty to a charge of assault with intent to wound. I could do little for the defence but plead the mitigating circumstances. I took the line that what with the gross threat of the gun, a very light sentence

would suffice to meet the unintended excess of force used in the fear and passion of the moment. But the magistrate turned to the accused: "Tell us," he said to the big, quiet youth who had disarmed and stunned Albert, "were you afraid of the gun?"

Much too legalistic...

"I WAS not afraid, only angry."

"And what was in your heart? Did you intend to wound him?" I cut in to say no law could oblige him to answer that question, but he only smiled at me and turned again to the magistrate: "I wished to wound him. I tried to kill him. I was angry when Timoni's wife interfered."

The others followed his lead. What can a defence do for that kind of pig-headed candour? The magistrate gave them a year each.

My ship arrived two days later, and I took them with me to Ocean Island, picking Albert up from Tarawa by the way. My revered Chief said he'd never seen such a ghastly mess as I had made of everything. My jurisdiction didn't run in the Southern Gilberts District. Nothing I had done had a legal leg to stand on. And why, oh why, he asked, while I was bouncing around the islands exceeding my powers hadn't I executed them to the extent of reducing the magistrate's sentences at once. When I said I couldn't be defence counsel in one breath and court of appeal in the next, he said I was too damned legalistic for words. But it didn't really matter; he packed the prisoners back to Arorae within three months.

NEXT WEEK

The thank-offering of a jealous husband

PRINCES, PEERS AND FILM STARS... HER ALLURE DAZZLED THEM ALL...

SUNSHINE splashed pools of light across the room, catching her hair as she stood there—pale and haughty—appraising me with her candid eyes.

"Yours is a fantastic story," I said. "No," she said impatiently. "No, No, I have done nothing that's interesting."

The telephone rang. She excused herself to take a call from St. Martin's. Then another, immediately following, from New York.

Finally she returned. "If I had my way," she said, "I'd tear up everything that's ever been written about me."

"That would be like tearing up your past," I said.

She gave me a curious look. "Don't you see," she said, "it isn't interesting any more. It just isn't interesting..."

THAT was my first meeting with the woman known as Lady Sylvia Ashley. And that was all she would say.

The title she acquired with her first marriage, and despite four subsequent unions she has never relinquished it.

Douglas Fairbanks, son, married, and Baron Stanley of Alderley, and Clark Gable, and Prince Dmitri Djordjez.

But still she remains... Lady Sylvia Ashley.

Sylvia Ashley... whose name is legend among the smart set; whose appearance commands instant attention from the maitres d'hotel of two continents; who is called by American society columnist Cholly Knickerbocker: "One of the great sirens of history."

She needs a house? Lord Astor will lend her one. She wants an amusing house guest? Cole Porter will go anywhere for her. She'd like a party? Mrs. Lovell Hearts will take over the Stork Club in New York and throw one for her.

A woman, you will perceive, with a very special kind of appeal.

Five marriages, countless romances, and 35 years of spectacular living with the world as her playground have left her face unspoiled.

The cross-foot of experience one looks for around the eyes of a woman of 53 do not exist on the face of Sylvia Ashley. She has come a long way... but you cannot read the log of that journey in her face.

DISCREET TINT

HERS is a curious beauty. The face is angular with a pronounced jawline. There is a noticeable gap between her two front teeth. Her hair, discreetly tinted, is worn in an old-fashioned style—almost shoulder length with a loose curl at the ends.

An extraordinary woman Sylvia; gay, mannered, haughty, monde, haute-couture important in café society; her charms embracing the best drawing-rooms in the land.

What sort of a person was she?

Why would she never discuss her background? What of her father, of whom so little was known? Was it mere coincidence that of her five marriages three had been to men of title: two to world-famous film stars? Why did the name of Ashley mean so much to her? It had not been a happy marriage.

To find the answers to these and other questions I travelled 12,000 miles—to the canyons of Hollywood and the night-clubs of New York. No American playground, Palm Beach, Nassau in the Bahamas... and finally back to London.

To London—and a mean, shabby side-street in Paddington.

THE YEAR was 1904... the beginning of the Edwardian era. Three-tenths of the people of London were still living in the borderline of bare subsistence—yet life over all was good.

That year Queen Alexandra visited the Alexandria Trust in the East End and was served an ordinary meal of the day: oatmeal soup, roast lamb and mint sauce, cabbage and potatoes, plum pudding and coffee. It cost 43d.

It was a world of clear-cut social distinctions.

While the well-to-do spent their leisure time sauntering down Piccadilly, shopping in the arcades or visiting their clubs, the poorer classes spent theirs in the parks, at the music-halls, and in the pubs.

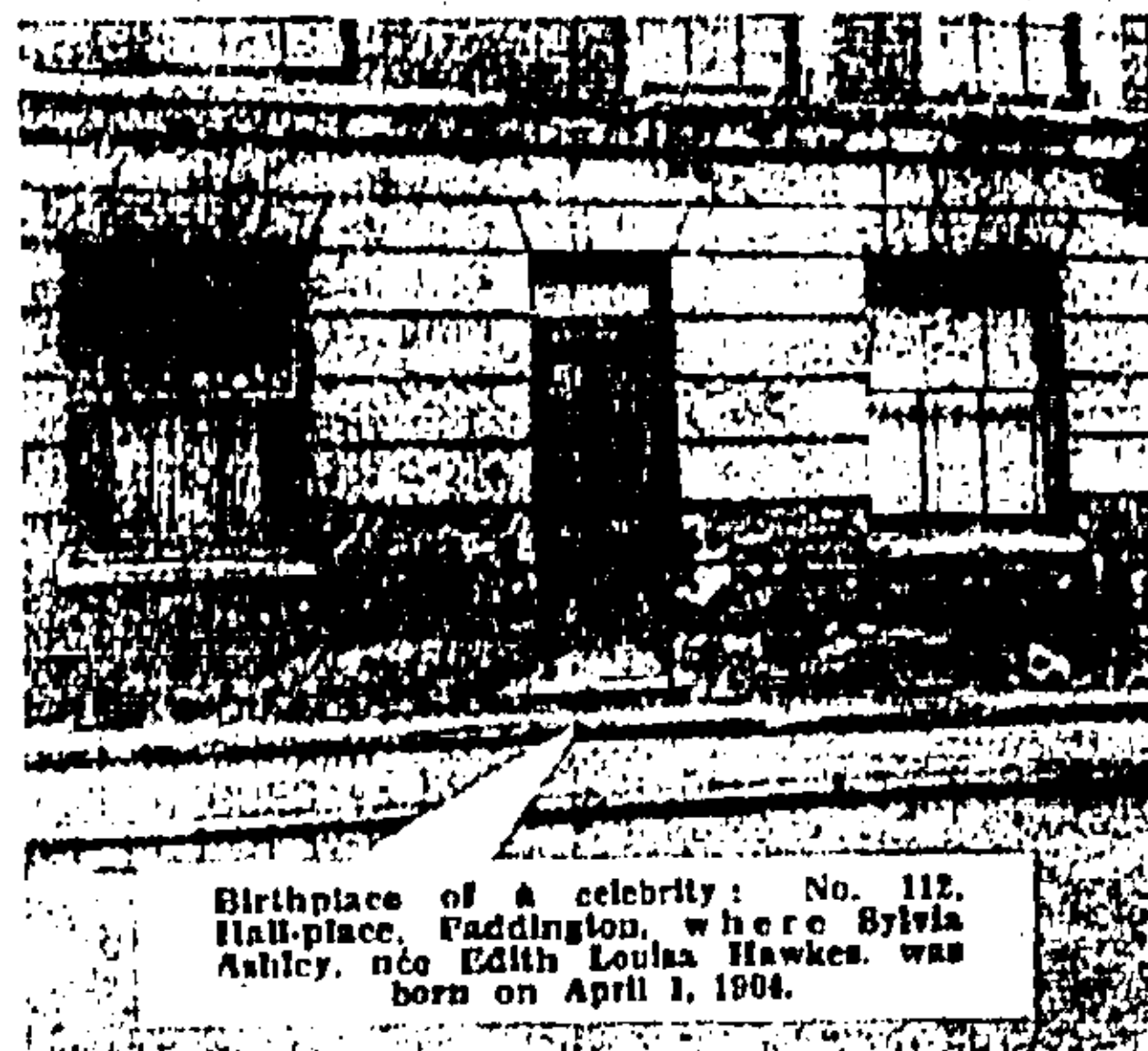
It was a world of change. The old Gaiety had just been demolished. Flats were coming into fashion; the standard of living was rising for all.

Into the world, at 112, Hall Place, Paddington, Sylvia was born on April 1.

NO FOOL...

THE doctor who delivered the child took a long look at her and told the proud father: "Well—it's April the first... but she looks no fool to me."

Hall Place was a grey, undistinguished street of small, windowed, three-story houses, few of which had baths.



Birthplace of a celebrity. No. 112, Hall-place, Paddington, where Sylvia Ashley, nee Edith Louisa Hawkes, was born on April 1, 1904.

The search for

SYLVIA ASHLEY

What is the magical quality that takes a woman from a humble home to the peak of society... the quality that captivates men and arouses envy in women?

Sylvia Ashley has that quality. It has brought her glittering success in the international smart set. And



by
RODERICK MANN

Her father, Arthur Hawkes, was 23—and worked as a runner just around the corner at Henry Ward's horse-repository, in the Edgware Road. With his 21-year-old wife Edith he occupied two rooms on the first floor of No. 112. The rent: 7s. 6d.

They christened the child Edith Louisa.

When she was still small, the family moved across Edgware Road to Wharncliffe Gardens—a huge block of 540 flats bounded on one side by Cunningham Place and on the other by Lisson Grove.

(Five years later Bernard Shaw was to use this street as the birthplace for another girl with a success story: Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion*.)

It was a great improvement. True, the canal ran right below the windows of their new flat and the view was only of railway lines, coal heaps, and water towers—but there was sanitation. And courtyards in which the child could play.

As they sat down for their first meal in the new flat, Arthur Hawkes and his wife decided that the increase in rent—by were paying 9s. 6d. a week—was well worth it.

FAVOURITE GAME

LIFE at Wharncliffe was fun for "Louie," as she was called.

Her fair hair in curls, her accent unmistakably cockney, her gaily infectious, she played the days away.

"Kings and Queens" was her favourite game, though Theatre ran it a close second. All the plays in which Sylvia invariably starred—were acted out on the stone steps of the flats. The price of admission was a toy windmill.

When it rained she stayed in and practised the piano, of which she was very good. Sometimes her father took her down to the Working Men's Club, where she would stand on a table and sing.

On Sunday she would always be dressed in white—and the family would go out in Hawkes's pony-cart, winding up the day with drinks at The Welsh Harp at Hendon.

Life was fun, especially when, in 1910, Sylvia's sister Lillian Vera was born. The two children adored each other.

It was a magic world. And most magical of all were the occasional visits to the Metropolitan Music Hall, Edgware Road, to which she was taken as a special treat. The theatre glamour of it all captivated her.

Sylvia finished school—at Galsworthy Street, just around the corner—the same year that the war ended—1918.

Her father came back from the Army. He had been a sergeant in the Veterinary Corps.

But it was a melancholy homecoming. There were domestic differences. The parents could not readjust, and a few months later they separated.

Arthur Hawkes moved out to stay with friends. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Hawkes went to live in Luton, taking Vera with her.

Sylvia stayed on at Wharncliffe Gardens, looked after by her Aunt Nell.

School behind her, Sylvia began to cast around.

There was one obvious place for an ambitious local girl to go in those days, and it was—literally—starting her in the face: The Great Central Station, a few hundred yards down Lisson Grove.

In a newly bought costume of navy blue she joined the railway as a clerk. Her salary was 10s. 6d.

But she was not satisfied. She wanted glamour; not high stools and ledgers. She wanted a world of handsome men-about-town; not penny-pinching clerks in stiff white collars.

After a few months she left to try her luck in the world of beauty. After several minor positions, she took a job at Madame Forester's Hairdressing and Beauty Salon in Oxford Street—as a manicurist.

Madame Forester says: "She was very pretty. Though not particularly adept at her job, I remember one titled customer meaning to me after Sylvia had attended her: 'She was like a kitten playing with a ball of wool.'"

(It was Madame Forester, incidentally, who gave Sylvia the famous hairstyle which she wears even to this day. When she arrived at the Oxford Street salon her hair was in a fringe.)

"There's no doubt about it," says Madame Forester, "she had something. Why, within a few months of arriving at my salon she was lunching along the street at Frascati's—and that was expensive."

By this time she had adopted the name of Sylvia as her own. She began to make other changes too.

She altered her speaking voice, until her accent was hardly recognizable. She worked hard at her dancing, which she enjoyed, and at her singing—though her voice was not very strong.

UP THE LADDER

A FEW months later, confident of her poise, her looks, and her accent, she took the next step up the ladder.

She applied for a job as a model at Revillon, the fashion-

house in Hanover Square. And she got it.

Now she was happy... with the touch of fine dresses against her fair skin, the bustle of the salon, the atmosphere of wealth. She was a great success. She looked adorable. "You ought to be an actress," they told her. So she decided to audition at the Winter Garden.

George Grossmith, the producer, a tall man with a turned-up nose, was auditioning in the stalls.

"No. 48—Miss Sylvia Hawkes," announced the assistant stage manager.

Grossmith, weary from a long morning, watched as Sylvia tripped on to the stage and flung some music at the pianist.

The piano played *Where My Caravan has Rested*. Sylvia opened her mouth and moved

side of the stage. She's going to play the nurse in our next production.

"I went and looked. A pair of friendly eyes looked back at me from under a nurse's cap. She smiled. She was incredibly beautiful."

BETTER PARTS

SHE was! And as the weeks went by and she got better parts she began to be noticed.

Dorothy Field, another of the Winter Garden beauties, took Sylvia under her wing. She taught her how to play the ukulele; she introduced her to people.

And Sylvia, with her new-found poise, her new-found accent, and her ever-ready

... AND WON FOR HER FIVE HUSBANDS

TEX McLEOD
will spin ropes and yarns at the
MIDNIGHT FOLLIES
HOTEL METROPOLE
from Nov. 16th to 28th

Elsa Macfarlane,
Dorothy Field and Sylvia Hawkes
with their Ukulele.
The usual FOLLIES Show.

Her name was in small type... but she was in the show that mattered. The show to which the smart set of London flocked in 1925. Handsome young Guards officers jostled at the stage door. The Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor.

her arms—but Grossmith heard not a word.

After a few moments he shouted: "Don't be nervous. I understand. Just begin your song."

Sylvia flung him a withering look. "I've already sung the first verse," she rapped.

Grossmith smiled. "I like you," he said.

She was in... It was a tremendous moment. The door had opened. The way of escape from the coal traps and canal was clear.

Heather Thatcher—who was often to appear on the stage with her—recalls Sylvia's first day at the Winter Garden.

"George Grossmith drew me on one side and said: 'Go and look at the girl standing on the

sparkle, captivated them. Soon the invitations began flowing in: soon the flowers were knee-deep on the dressing-room floor.

It was intoxicating. She began going out with the kind of men she had only dreamed about back on her clerk's stool at the Great Central Station: handsome, elegant men; men of wealth and sophistication.

THEY PEERED

ALL this time she was still living at the flat in Wharncliffe. And night after night the neighbours had a free show as she came down up to take Sylvia on the town.

After the shows (she and Dorothy were both "doubling" at the Winter Garden and the Metropole) there were always a



At a London charity event Sylvia Ashley (back to the camera) chats to the Duke of Kent (father of the present Duke). Right centre: Mrs. Archie Campbell, Sylvia's friend from her show days.

As she stepped out—glowing in the silver lame evening coat she had bought—a hundred faces peered down from a hundred windows.

The sentiment was the same at each one: "Louie Hawkes has done herself all right."

Her father thought the same—and was proud of her. Though he saw her only on rare occasions.

In 1925 two major events took place.

Sylvia moved for good from Wharncliffe and took a £5-a-week ground floor flat at 10, West Halkin Street, just off Belgrave Square.

She and her close friend Dorothy Field were invited to join a cruise on board a yacht chartered by the Duke of Sutherland.

Usually the duke and duchess spent the winter on the Riviera, like so many of their friends. On this occasion they decided that a cruise to North Africa would be more amusing.

They wanted some young people to make up the party. Dorothy, they knew. And, through her, Sylvia was invited. It was the turning point in her career.

The cruise—in the yacht *Abdon*—entailed her. They visited Duker, Bathurst, and Marrakech. Dorothy shot a crocodile. Sylvia caught an 80lb. fish.

But more important—she found herself being accepted. Without qualifications. Nobody patronised her; though she was

dozen escorts ready and willing to take her to the night-spot of her choice.

"Uncle's" in Albemarle Street—which the Prince of Wales loved; the Embassy Club—where everyone went on Thursdays; Murray's River Club—by Maidenhead Bridge.

By the winter of 1926 she had moved into her last London show, *The Whole Town's Talking*, at the Strand.

And put her way into the heart of 26-year-old Lord Anthony Ashley.

Ashley was a pleasant, dark young man, educated at Eton and Cambridge. At the University he had studied agriculture. He liked dancing and he had won himself something of a reputation as a jazz drummer.

But the earl was under-estimating the charm of Sylvia Hawkes. And the determination of his son.

The couple went ahead with their plans, amid a welter of speculation. The wedding was fixed for February 3 at St Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Then, two days before the wedding, the Earl of Shaftesbury sprang a bombshell.

CONSTERNATION!

TO the newspapers he announced:—

"There will be no wedding. My son is not engaged to marry Miss Sylvia Hawkes."

Consternation in society circles. And knowing-looks at Wharncliffe Gardens.

But it was a futile announcement. For, despite the pleas of his parents that the union was bound to prove disastrous, Tony Ashley's mind was made up.

"You are wasting your time," he told them.

The night before the wedding he had arranged to stay at the Knightsbridge home of his good friend Archie Campbell—who had married Sylvia's friend Dorothy Field.

DIFFICULTY

TOWARDS bedtime the phone rang in the Campbell's hall. The lady, answered it, and had some difficulty understanding who was calling.

Finally, he announced to Mrs. Campbell: "There's a Lord... Raspberry. It sounds like my son is not engaged to marry Lord Ashley."

The Earl of Shaftesbury, his voice shaking with emotion, was making a final attempt to dissuade his son from marriage.

Ashley refused to take the call.

The morning of February 3 dawned grey and overcast.

Shortly after first light, a large touring car swept out of the gates of the Shaftesbury estate in Dorset and headed towards London at high speed.

At the wheel was a uniformed chauffeur. In the back seat sat the grim-lipped earl and countess, bound for West Halkin Street and a last effort to make Sylvia a free reason.

Just after nine, the big car pulled up outside her flat and the earl and countess jumped out.

Leaving his wife outside on the pavement, the 69-year-old Earl bounded up the short flight of steps and hammered on Sylvia's door.

FROM THE WINGS

AT that very same moment Arthur Hawkes was sitting on his bed in Corliss Place, Paddington.

He had not been invited to the wedding, which upset him. But he was determined to watch it from the wings. For he was proud of his Sylvia. It was not every horse-keeper's daughter who could marry into society.

Then, just as he was setting out, a friend broke the news to him: "Arthur... they've said that you are dead."

Next week

ENTER

DOUGLAS

FAIRBANKS

The bombshell: 'There will be no wedding...'

naive enough. Nobody questioned her. She was one of the group.

When Sylvia Hawkes came back from that cruise she knew she had accomplished a feat almost without parallel in those days—she had crossed the unbridgeable gap between Paddington and Park Lane.

But her greatest triumph was yet to come. With Dorothy, she joined the Midnight Follies at the Hotel Metropole.

The Follies was the first high-class night-show London had ever had. The average cost of the cabaret was £1,000 a week. Around midnight, the vestibule of the hotel was like Debrett come to life. You couldn't see the carpet for the titled young men and handsome Guards—

all jostling for the privilege of talking the girls to supper.

The Prince of Wales was a frequent visitor; so was Prince George (later the Duke of Kent).

Within a month, Sylvia Hawkes was the toast of the town.

After the shows (she and Dorothy were both "doubling" at the Winter Garden and the Metropole) there were always a

At his country seat, the Earl of Shaftesbury heard the news—and choked.

"It cannot be," he said. "It must not be."

'UNTHINKABLE'

HIS two daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Dorothy Ashley-Cooper—both, according to the columns of the day, "expert dancers who have few rivals in the latest steps"—seemed

slightly unimpressed about the prospect of having the dancing Sylvia as a sister-in-law.

"Such an alliance is unthinkable," Lady Dorothy was reported as saying to a friend.

The news had reached Wharncliffe too... and people there could talk of little else.

Everyone congratulated Arthur Hawkes.

But he shook his head. He knew nothing of the engagement.

In the last week of January, 1927, he wrote to the Earl of Shaftesbury, asking if the stories about his daughter and the earl's son were true. "He got his reply. There was no truth in the rumours. They were completely false."

Eyes Are More Interesting Than Waistcoat Buttons

London.

MY warmest congratulations to the ravishing Miss Sophia Loren for doing what very few English women have dared to do. She, who without doubt had some of the tallest men in the land at her feet, has elected to marry Signor Carlo Ponti, who stands a mere 5 ft. 3 in. in his socks—or so they tell me. Vital statistics for film producers are not readily obtainable, but she's certainly 5 ft. 9 in.).

Now at my age I have learned that a man's height is of very little importance—though I dare say it must be a useful thing when I was very young.

My own feeling now is that if I am standing close to a chap I would infinitely rather gaze into his eyes than his wistful buttons. So anything under 5 ft. 6 in. is all right with me.

But many women are madly sensitive about being seen with a man shorter than themselves.

of one of the oldest wine merchant families in this country and they both believe that women should know more about wine. To help them in this happy task they are giving a series of lectures about wine, but below of their cellars—cool, dark, silent and cavern-like.

Just the place to spend a wet afternoon.

Mr Hill presented me with a small shiny chart—what to drink with what and what to avoid. "The accepted things," said he. "One can't leave down any hard and fast rules. Drink what you like—provided you really do like it." I promised I would—and I pocketed the chart.

I am all in favour of knowing but I am not so sure it's wise to air one's knowledge in male company.

A safer technique is to open one's eyes wide and say—"YOU choose." You seem to know so much about everything.

(—London Express Service.)

HIBISCUS — that's the colour for autumn say the London fashion designers at the start of their couture week. It's a warm, glowing red which complements the mid-greys and muted browns which are the season's basic fashion colours.

man. He's the type that can't fail."

But she gave him back his ring and went off to South Africa.

And the little man? He became her hero in the commandos, a great success in business and the father of six children.

Which seems to prove something—doesn't it?

CAN'T GO WRONG

"The answer to a maiden's prayer is a bottle of Vio Rose," said Mr. A. H. M. Thavornat. "If a young man has a hard time, the wine list says 'What shall I drink?' He can't go wrong with Rose—and he won't be too hard on his pocket."

We sat round him—Christine Foyle, Eileen Kendall of Vogue and myself—drinking in the information together with very fine claret. —Christine Greenwood, 1950

GRANDPARENTS AND HIS PARTNER

M. J. L. L. Hill, his partner

And it's a shock that suits almost everybody.

Liberalism and shocks at its best are for accessories—artistic barrels in attached velvet pulled down on one side, long evening gloves to make a change from the inevitable black and white elegant daint shoes that are equally good for day and evening wear.

● ● ●

You can, if you're keen, trim your hair's-his-red, but it's better to confine your color experiments to one or two elements, rather than sport a "Moulin Rouge" looking crimson broad.

Yes, London's couture week is on, the main: colors have been launched, and the buyers and fashion editors from all over the world are in town to see what the designers have to offer.

What have the collections got to do with you? Well, if you're a sales gal, in the past

far way—the fabrics. It is from the cloth manufacturers and designers that the couturier gets his first inspiration, and it is in the form of fabrics that the couture ideas from London filter down from the salon to the shop round the corner.

The materials for the designs use today are sold over the counter tomorrow, and the fabrics used this season are a news story in themselves.


Back with a bang, is crepe—still, anyone it doesn't matter which. It's used for afternoon dresses, cocktail clothes and dinner gowns, and it's used in a different way than it was a year or two ago.

It's in the 1935 fashion. It's not draped or pleated, it's not shown side-light in a Marilyn Monroe—style sheen, it's fashioned into many line dresses with slim, slightly biased tops, unbecomingly waistlines.

They're the kind of dresses that look nothing on the hanger, yet give you a casually elegant, sophisticated look.

It's the kind of dresses that make a perfect background for good jewelry—or look perfectly good without it. There are crepe and rayon, there are silk and rayon, they come in all shades, very bright, and some striped, some solid.

The second fabric that has arrived is double-faced crepe, which is made of two fabrics woven into one, and used for suits and coats. It's a new

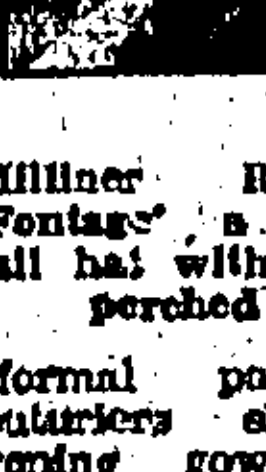


French of London calls this hair style the "Hildebrow". The hair is brushed forward over the forehead, up into the shape of a manilla comb on the top of the head.

as a feather, and cool to wear but it gives you the luxury feel of a gigantic furry coat.

The fabric is woven in giant window-pane checks of the size used in travelling rugs — then roughed up afterwards to give it a fashionably shaggy look. Designer Michael used it for a belted topcoat in black and silver, Ronald Peterson on the other hand used plain mohair in a bright candy pink, made it into an evening coat but just like an furry cat's head — complete with brass buttons. Peterson, who caters for the younger customer had some grey kitten in his collection, save his skin he gathered skirts and short skirts.

Our piece of news from London shows the shortening dress is out — except for



Milliner Rudolph shows
"Fantasy," a feathered cock-
tail hat with a white osprey
perched on the top.

informal parties. All the
couples showed full-length
evening gowns, most of them
with straight skirts.

Adeline Vinton, Leigh, who
came to see Victor Stiebel's
show told for two grand night-
time evening gowns—two dresses
that, as one of Stiebel's clients
said, probably be seen around
in later on this year.

(The first was a candy-stripe
evening gown of bright chiffon,
draped Grecian-style over a
narrow skirt. It was strapless
and full-length.

● ● ●

The second was an effect-
theatre ensemble; a brilliant
evening coat in pale blue tulle,
cuffed in brown mink and the
skirt in black tulle. A huge
pussy-cat bow. It was worn
over a coroline style ball gown
of a brown and white silk
floral print.

Adeline Stiebel, Miriam
said, shown with a Stiebel
ensemble — will probably also
wear this season, especially at so-
cious clubs. The new Stiebel

In historic velvet with white fur trimmings, this evening has by Agge Thastrup is worn with a garland of white fur and roses.

chooses one to wear. They were shaped exactly like saucers, with the handles removed, and were made from vivid colored velvet and worn straight on top of the head. At Mitchell a new, gifted milliner called Peter Shephard showed large bucket-style hats made from lustrous stretch smoothly over a firm base, and shining as though they had been lacquered.

At Michael Sherard we saw the latest hat of all to wear—draped berets and shower-caps in a wealth of different fabrics but with the accent on velvet.

The classic skirt, as we once knew it, has almost disappeared—replaced by skirts circular, nipped in waistline and curving over the hips in its place comes the slightly wider skirt that is easier to walk in, topped with a wide, shallow, flat collar that is short, hangs straight from the shoulders and barely indicates the waist.

—Hazel Meyrick

WHILE British couturiers tend to turn to the wholesale market because they are unable to find a sufficient number of customers who can afford to pay the price of an exclusive model, German designers, in their current autumn/winter collections, have concentrated on designing clothes for specific occasions, relegating multipurpose clothes to the background.

This is a complete change of policy and is due to the ever-higher living standard of a more discriminating class of consumers who have brought about the economic consolidation in central Europe.

Since the war the German fashion houses, while following the dictates of fashion, have always borne in mind the importance of practical elegance, designing clothes which could be worn on as many occasions as possible.

In the new autumn/winter collections, however, the German designers are promoting different clothes for different times of the day and different purposes. For instance, the duty of the morning dress ends at 4 p.m.; a travel ensemble is for travelling only; the afternoon dress is outdated at cocktail time and dresses for the theatre are different from those worn at informal parties. Even leisure wear is being created with an eye to fitness of purpose.

Schneehemdchen

fabric is used for this youthful and pleated skirt and sleeveless bodice-breasted, straight jacket with a fur collar. The coat and suit, in this ensemble, is made of a soft, warm, and comfortable Persian lamb. HERMANN and wool is topped by a short, warm collar of natural beaver to match the wool is used for this comfortable dress. The dress is gathered at the waist and features of the elongated jacket. The dress, cut-in-one, rounded sleeveless skirt, it has an important and comfortable lamb.

[illegible]

☆☆☆

In addition, there is a distinct trend for comfortable fashions. The ready-made look is best exemplified in full coats designed for the perfect ease of movement. They are bulkier than over and feature huge pockets and enormous sleeves of very-very lengths. Fullness springs in gathered from a rounded, wide-wedged shoulderline and from various yoke treatments at the front and at the back.

The casual topper-style coat of a more severe straight silhouette and featuring high collar and patch pockets is still popular, but more often in a subdued camel colour. This style is given a new touch by means of a belt casually knotted at the waist.

It is worth mentioning that single coats are gradually on their way out in Germany. Almost every coat is teamed with a matching skirt or trousers to form an ensemble. Indeed, variations on the ensemble theme have never been more versatile and include clothes for all hours of the day.

The fabric manufacturers have been swift to take advantage of the numerous possibilities of the trend. Two, three and even four different patterns have become common, each the same pat-

den is available in both a fine pinstriped and coarse-textured cloth. A crisp and a fleecy fabric; or the colour is used as the common denominator. For instance, a jacket in green and red Shetland wool teamed with a worsted suit in which the red of the jacket matched the green of the skirt matched the colours in the coat.

The new colour of suits are very striking, finetons of purpose being the primary consideration. They range from classic town styles (which very often have a fur collar), through travel suits in "sporty" woolsens such as tweedens, including Shetland and threabonnet, to the elegant and sophisticated, with a jacket which reaches down to about 6 inches above the knee.

☆☆☆

Those in the latest category by HANS CHRISTENSEN, whose sudden death shocked the German fashion world, deserve particular mention. His unusual, generously-cut, long jacket features rounded, low-mounted, cut-in-one sleeves, bloused balloon-shape back and any side vents and is single-breasted. It is worn over a very slim

Wildly promoted is the easy-to-wear and attractive travel suit comprising a jacket with a belt in self material or in a

lin leather. Another popular suit style is that with a rather unaccented brief peplum and tiny pockets. The suit jacket silhouette ranges from the slightly-fitted to the straight and brief. The latter is particularly evident in suits for the junior misses and is preferred by either a piated or a slim skirt.

☆☆☆☆

Although the dress-plus-jacket comes into the category of multi-purpose clothes it is still to be seen this season because it fits into the ensemble scheme. The predilection for contrasts in styling finds its expression in a slender dress accompanied by a broad, oversize jacket. While the bodice has disappeared completely, sweaters and vests are much in evidence.

For morning dresses this season there are a very distinct styling possibilities. The first is the youthful dress which again favours a cut reminiscent of the Princess line. Then there are the slender sheath dresses which follow the curves of the body and which, whether teamed at the waist or not, invariably feature a belt.

Favoured fabrics for these dresses are a variety of stylish

wooded and carded woollens, woven in fine blends of autumn leaf shades, with the emphasis on greens and brown-green tones.

Afternoon dresses are in a quite separate category, and it is here that fluid fabrics such as fine wool crepe and "flow" jerseys score. Cleverly draped and slashed, the most usual trimming takes the form of tiny bows which are placed everywhere. In addition, luxury fur including mink and ermine is used extensively for collars, cuffs and pocket detail. Incidentally, this luxury fur trimming is not confined to dresses but is seen on coats and suits as well.

★ ★ ★

While the tunic effect is not popular in Germany, it is to be seen here and there in the form of a slim double skirt.

Important colours for the autumn and winter include all the beige tones from putty to sand and champagne, the dark and the green, the warm browns, including hazelnut and chocolate, olive and oleander green, deep medium blues and reds, ranging from China to lobster. Black and white are as popular as ever, particularly for formal evening dresses.

Couturiers ed By Fabrics

far way—the fabrics. It is from the cloth manufacturers and designers that the couturiers get their first inspiration, and it is in the form of fabrics that the couture ideas from London filter down from the salon to the shop round the corner.

The materials the designers use today are sold over the counter tomorrow, and the fabrics used this season are a news story in themselves.

Back, with a bang, is crepe-silk or rayon—it doesn't matter which. It's used for afternoon dresses, cocktail clothes and dinner gowns, and it's used in a different way that brings it right up to 1937 fashion. It's not draped or pleated, it's not even made into a Martigny Monroe—why? Well, it's fashioned from easy little dresses with slim skirts, slightly bouffed tops, unadorned waistlines. They're the kind of dresses that look nothing on the hanger, yet give you a casually elegant look when you wear them. They're the kind of dresses that make a perfect background for good jewelry—by the look of perfectly good necklaces. There are crepe dresses too, for evening wear, and they make a pleasant change from bright, shiny, solid, striped organdies.

The second fabric that is used is silk—silk in general, and not the expensive and heavy woven kind dressed like a queen, but the subtle and rustic. It's not



French of London calls this hair style the "hidebrow". The hair is brushed forward over the forehead, up into the shape of a mantilla comb on the top of the head.

as a feather, and cool to wear but it gives you the hairy feel of a gigantic fuzzy coat.

The fabric is woven in giant window-pane checks of the size used in travelling rugs — then roughed up afterwards to give it a fashionably shaggy look. Designer Michael used it for a belted topcoat in black and silver, Ronald Paterson, on the other hand, used plain mohair in a bright candy-pink, made it into an evening coat cut just like an army officer's tunic coat, complete with brass buttons. Paterson, who caters for the younger customer, had some gay ideas in his collection, gave his girls just gathered skirts and short, neat jackets.

One piece of news from the London shows — the short evening dress is out — except for



Milliner Rudolph shows "Fantasy," a feathered cock-tail hat with a white osprey perched on the top.


informal parties. All the couturiers showed full-length evening gowns, most of them with straight skirts.

Actress Vivien Leigh, who came to see Victor Sidel's show last for two grand manner evening gowns—two dresses that, as one of Sidel's clients, she'll probably be seen around in, later on this year.

(The first was a candy-pink evening gown of bright chiffon, draped Grecian-style over a narrow skirt. It was strapless and full-length.

The second was an after-theatre ensemble—a bouffant evening coat in pale lilac taffeta, cinched in brown mink and tied at the machine with a huge, fuzzy cat bow. It was worn over a crinoline style ball gown of a brown and white pure silk flower print.

Another blonde, Miriam Hopkins, shown with a Sidel collection—will probably select one of her favorites, especially a navy blue dress, Tulle, long-sleeved



In his velvet, with white fur trimmings, this evening has by Agge Thaastrup is worn with a garland of white fur and roses.


chooses one to wear. They were shaped exactly like saucers, with the handles removed, and were made from vivid coloured velvet and worn straight on top of the head. At Michael's now, dited milliner called Peter Shephard showed large bucket-style hats made from leather stretched smoothly over a firm base, and shining as though they had been lacquered.

(As Michael) Sherard we saw the easiest hat of all to wear—draped berets and shower-caps in a wealth of different fabrics but with the accent on velvet.

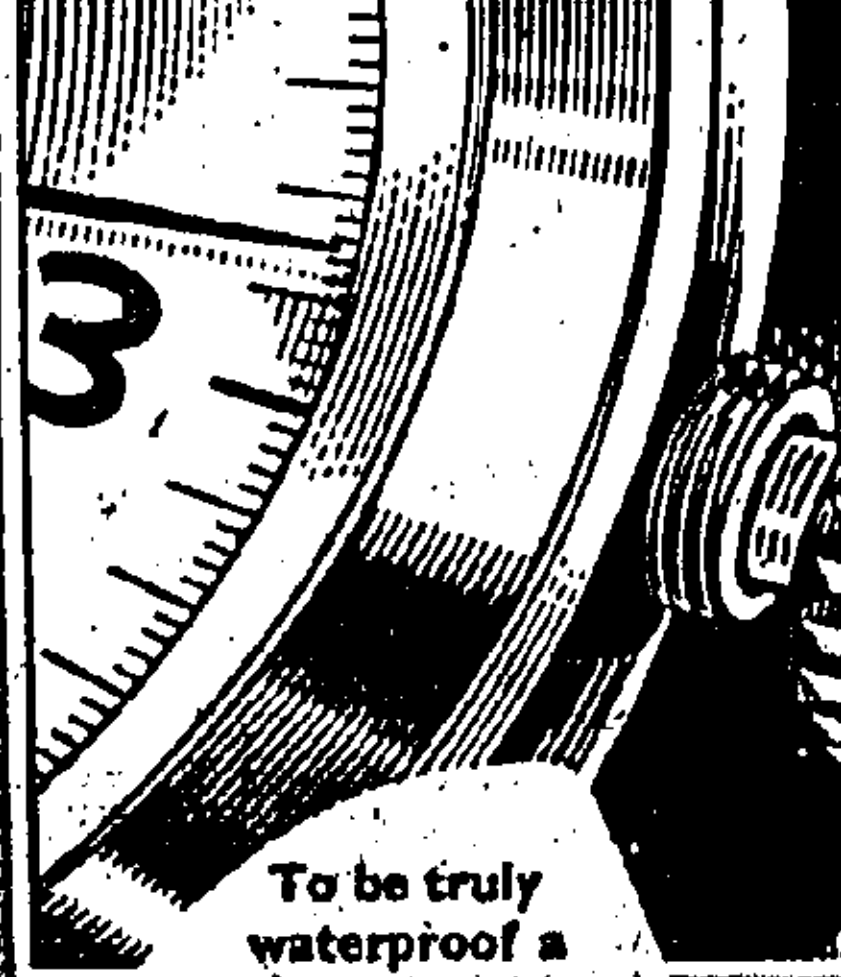
The classic suit, as we once knew it, has almost disappeared—with its squared shoulders, nipped in waistline and curves over the hips. In its place comes the slightly wider skirt that is easier to walk in, topped by a narrow, sloping shouldered jacket that is short, hangs straight from the shoulders and barely indicates the waist.

— Hazel Mayrick

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Battle scene behind them — but the battles being refought at the Ritz Garden were those of old girls of St Stephen's Girls' College at their annual Alumni Ball. Left to Right: Mr Tai Hon-fan, Miss K. D. Cherry (Headmistress), Mrs Tai (rotating President), Mr Ip Tai-chiu, and the new President Mrs Chan Fung-chau.
RIGHT: The arrival at Kai Tak of C-in-C Far East Air Force, the Earl of Bandon for a short stay with the AOC (Hongkong) Air Commodore A. D. Messenger at Air House. The Earl, leading, his ADC, and Air Commodore Messenger are seen before the imposing engines of an RAF Hastings. (Staff Photographers)



Mr and Mrs N. C. Chou arrive at the suitably guarded door of the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club for a buffet supper in aid of the Hongkong Sea School. (Staff Photographer)



CBF (Hongkong) Lt-General E. M. Bastyan is seen with Brig. J. G. C. Waldron (centre) aboard the troopship Asturias which carried men of the 1st Royal Sussex back to Blighty from Korea. The CO Lt-Col. R. B. de F. Sleeman is seen at left. (Army News)



The son of Dr. and Mrs. C. F. X. da Roza of Hongkong was married in Sussex recently—above Dr Anthony da Roza and his bride Nora Colbert.



LEFT: Rotary Hospitality for Dr Norman Vincent Peale, the distinguished American preacher and religious writer, (left) who was entertained by Mr and Mrs W. S. Anderson at the Tai Tung Restaurant.



RIGHT: Colleagues of the groom pose with the bride couple outside Rosary Church where David Chen of the Morning Post married Kathleen Wong. (Staff Photographers)

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SMILES (above) when C. Bonn and J. Read carried off the house cup for Balmoral House at the annual Minden Row Junior School swimming sports; and (right) when 20 men of the Green Howards arrived at the Hongkong Electric Co. Recreation Club to be entertained by the Society of Yorkshiremen in Hongkong. (Staff Photographers)



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10-Year Governor returns . . . Sir Alexander, whose term has far outstripped that of any predecessor, returns from consultations with Mr Alan Lennox-Boyd.

LEFT: And the BOAC "Holiday Special" comes back with other citizens bound for a shorter stay.



Sergeant Colin Kirk (R.A.P.C.) and Josephine Blackhouse who were married at Union Church.
(Staff Photographer)



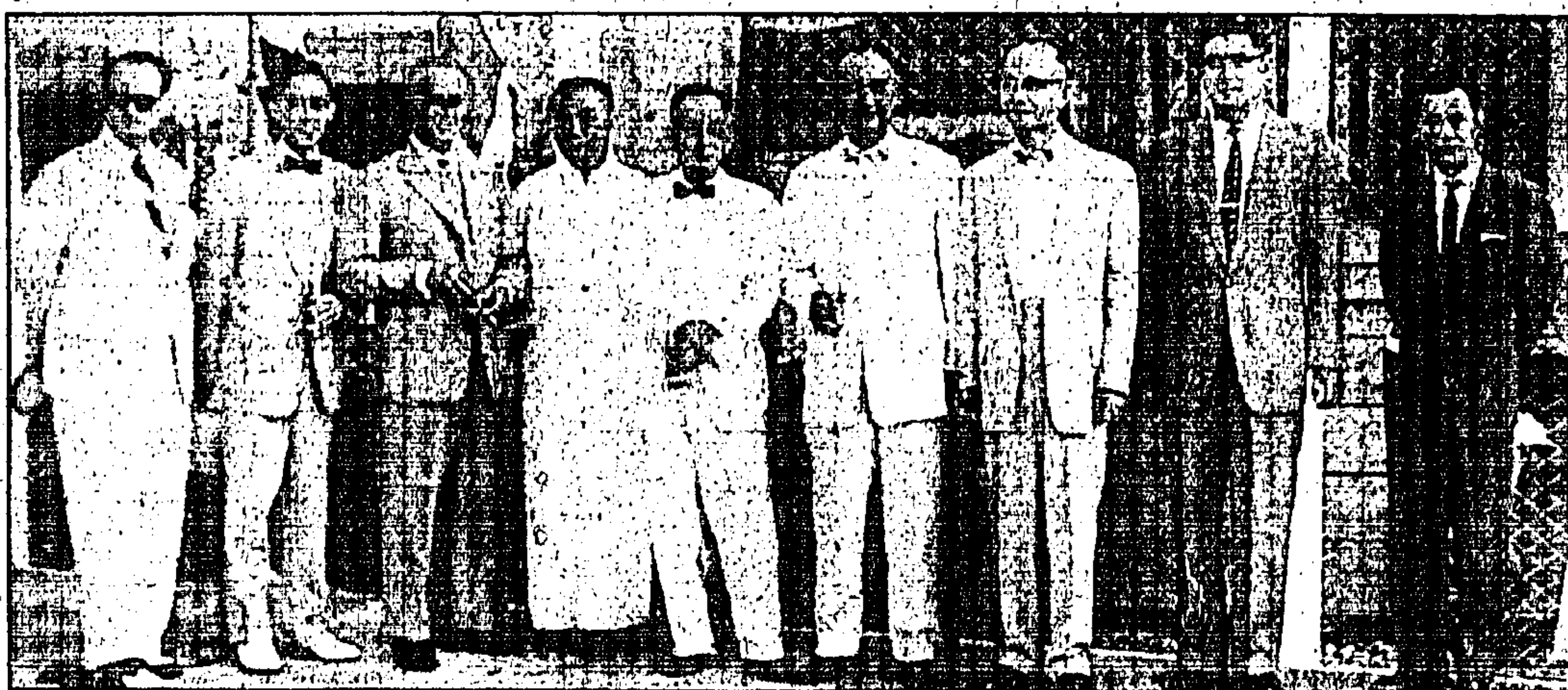
Hongkong Contingent — 12 Scouts — wave farewell on their way to the World Jamboree at Sutton Coldfield. Many of them have invitations to stay with families in England when the Jamboree is done.

LEFT: Flight Sergeant William Pagon and his bride Flora Belcher are flanked outside St John's Cathedral by Flight Sergeant Kenneth Whittington and Mrs Jean Ariss (left) and Flight Lieutenant Phillipson with Barbara Whittington (right).

BELOW: Mr James O'Leary and his bride Margaret Rachel—and a cake.



Judy Dann and Judy Ann . . . the bigger one in 1952 was Miss Hongkong and lay 4th in the Miss Universe contest. Since that time she's become Mrs Tom Woo. Now she is back in Hongkong for a 3 months visit with her parents and hopes to squeeze a motion picture performance into the time as well.
(Staff Photographer)

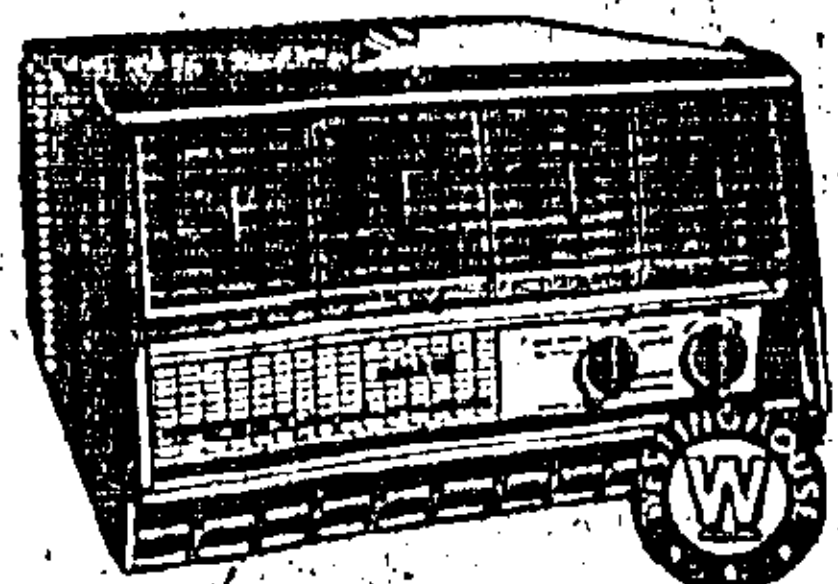


The Hon. J. C. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, is seen with Hongkong Jaycees after opening their new playground for poor children at Shamshulpo.

BELOW: More than 200 boys of 14 Cub Packs competed in the Colony Cub sports meeting at La Salle College. Some of the competitions didn't even need prizes.
(Staff Photographers)



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Short Cardigan In Classic Style

MATERIALS: 4/4/5 ozs. Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool, (Short Sleeves), 6/0/0 ozs. Sirdar Majestic 3-ply wool, (Long Sleeves), 1 pair No. 11 knitting needles, 5 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: Width round underarms: 32 3/4"/36". Length from top of the shoulder: 17 1/2"/17". Length of short sleeve seam: 3 1/2"/3 1/2". Length of long sleeve seam: 17 1/2"/17 1/2"/17 1/2".

TENSION: 8 1/2 sts. to 1", measured over st.st.

ABBREVIATIONS: K—knit; p—purl; st—stitch; st.st.—stocking st. (1 row K. and 1 row P.); tog.—together; beg.—beginning; rep.—repeat; Sl—slip one st. knitwise; inc.—increase.

NOTE: The first figures given are for the small size, the second figures for the medium size and likewise, the third figures are for the large size. Where only one figure is given, it applies to all sizes.

BACK

Cast on 97/105/113 sts.

1st row: Sl.1, * p.1, k.1, rep. from * to the end.

Rep. the 1st row 31 times. Proceed in st.st. as follows:

1st row: Sl.1 k. to the end.

2nd row: Sl.1 p. to the last st., k.1.

3rd row: Sl.1 k. 20/28/30, inc. in the next st., k. 40/44/48, inc. in the next st., k. to end.

Commencing with a p. row, work 3 rows in st.st.

7th row: Sl.1, inc. in the next st., k. 25/27/29, inc. in the next st., k. 42/46/50, inc. in the next st., k. to the last 3 sts., inc. in the next st., k.2.

Continue in this way to inc. at both centre positions of every 4th row following and at both ends of every 8th row following until there are 123/131/139 sts.

Work 3 rows in st.st. without shaping. Inc. at both ends of the next and every 8th row following until there are 129/137/145 sts. Continue without further shaping until the work measures 10" from commencement, finishing at the end of a P. row.

Shape Armholes:

Cast off 7/8/9 sts. at the beg. of each of the next 2 rows, k.2 tog. at both ends of each of the following 8/10/12 rows. (99/101/103 sts.)

Continue without further shaping until the work measures 17" from commencement, finishing at the end of a P. row.

Shape Shoulders:

Cast off at the beg. of each of the next 6 rows as follows:—8/9/9 sts. twice, 8/9/9 sts. twice and 9/9/9 sts. twice. Cast off the remaining sts.

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 57/61/65 sts. and work in moss st. as for the Back for 31 rows.

32nd row: Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 8 times, slip these 17 sts. to the safety-pin and leave for the front border, * p.1, k.1, rep. from * to the end.

Proceed in st.st. on these 40/44/48 sts. as follows:

1st row: Sl.1, k. to the end.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st., k.1.

3rd row: Sl.1, k. 20/28/30, inc. in the next st., k. to the end.

Commencing with a p. row, work 3 rows in st.st.

7th row: Sl.1, inc. in the next st., k. 25/27/29, inc. in the next st., k. to the end.

Continue in this way to inc. at the centre position of every 4th row following and at the side edge of every 8th row following until there are 53/57/61 sts.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

Inc. at the beg. of the next and every 8th row following until there are 59/60/64 sts.

Continue without further shaping until the work matches the back to the armholes, finishing at the end of a p. row.

Shape the Armhole and Neck Edge:

1st row: Cast off 7/8/9 k. to the last 2 sts., k.2 tog.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st., k.1.

K.2 tog. at the side edge of each of the next 8/10/12 rows and at the same time.

K.2 tog. at the front edge of the 3rd and every 4th row. Keeping the armhole edge straight, continue to k.2 tog. at the front edge of every 4th row



following until 25/28/27 sts. remain.

Continue without further shaping until the armhole matches the back to the shoulder, finishing at the side edge.

Shape Shoulder:

Cast off at the beg. of the next and each of the 2 alternate rows following: 8/9/9 sts. once, 9/9/9 sts. once, and 9/9/9 sts. once.

Left Front Border:

Slip the 17 sts. from the safety-pin to a needle, wrong side of the work facing. Rejoin the wool to the inside edge and proceed in moss st. as for the lower edge until the border is of sufficient length to fit comfortably up the front edge and halfway across the back of the neck. Cast off in moss st.

RIGHT FRONT

Proceed as for the Left Front until 14 rows moss st. have been worked and then make the first buttonhole as follows:

15th row: Sl.1, (p.1, k.1) 3 times, p.1, cast off 2 sts., pattern to the end.

16th row: Work in correct pattern to the last 8 sts., cast off 2 sts., pattern to end.

Work a further 15 rows in moss st.

32nd row: Work in correct pattern to the last 17 sts., slip these 17 sts. to a safety-pin and leave for the front border, turn and proceed in st.st. as follows:

1st row: Sl.1, k. to the end.

2nd row: Sl.1, p. to the last st., k.1.

3rd row: Sl.1, k. 10/12/14, inc. in the next st., k. to the end.

Commencing with a p. row, work 3 rows in st.st.

7th row: Sl.1, k. 11/13/15, inc. in the next st., k. to the end.

Continue and complete to correspond with the Left Front, taking care to reverse all shapings.

Right Front Border:

Slip the 17 sts. to a needle, right side facing, and commencing on the wrong side of the work, proceed in moss st. for 5 rows, thus finishing at the front edge.

Next row: Moss st. 8, cast off 2, moss st. to the end.

Next row: Moss st. to the last 8 sts., cast on 2, moss st. to the end.

Continue in moss st. and make further buttonholes each 20 rows from the last until 5 buttonholes in all have been made from commencement.

Continue until the border matches the left front border. Cast off in moss st.

SHORT SLEEVES (BOTH ALIKE)

Cast on 31/33/35 sts. and work 32 rows in moss st. as for the Back.

Next row: Sl.1, k. 1/2/3, inc. in the next st., k.3, inc. in the next st., k.4, rep. from * to the last 7/8/9 sts., inc. in the next st., k.3, inc. in the next st., k. to the end. (67/69/71 sts.)

Next row: Sl.1, p. to the last st., k.1.

Continue in st.st. and inc. at both ends of the 5th and every 8th row following until there are 99/101/103 sts. Continue without further shaping until the work measures 17 1/2 inches from commencement.

Shape Top:

Cast off 5/6/7 sts. at the beg. of each of the next 2 rows, k.2 tog. at both ends of each of the next 18/14/10 rows and the k.2 tog. at the beg. only for every

TO MAKE UP

Press each piece on the wrong side, using a warm iron over a damp cloth and taking care to avoid the moss st. borders.

Join the shoulder seams working a small back-st. seam on the wrong side. Set in the sleeves and join the side and sleeve seams.

Oversew on the wrong side, with the front borders in position, placing the top buttonhole level with the first front decreasing. Sew the extended ends of the borders tog. and placing the seam at the centre back, sew into position across the back of the neck.

Affix the buttons to correspond with the buttonholes and press all seams, on the wrong side.

EXPERTS DESCRIBE TRAITS OF NEW MAN-MADE FIBRES

St. Louis.

HOME economists asked the experts, "What can the American housewife expect of the newer synthetic fabrics?"

The experts, gathered at the national convention of the American Home Economics Association, formed a panel to answer.

Bernard F. Bertrand of the Chemstrand Corp. said Acrilan is designed for a specific use.

He said jersey of 100 per cent Acrilan, and blankets and carpet, staple are easily washable and quick drying.

The fabric resists shrinking, sagging and stretching, he said. And because it is a strong fibre, Acrilan will wear longer.

Drapery fabric woven of Fiberglas can be washed and rehung with no ironing in a matter of minutes, Richard Deacon of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. said.

The homemaker can sew Fiberglas as easily as any other material, he said, if she will use a good quality fine cotton mercerized thread in her

sewing machine. She should use a longer stitch with looser tension, light pressure on the foot pedal, and a sharp needle, he added.

Hugh Carolina of Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Co. said Dynel is strong, resilient, highly resistant to chemicals, and insect-proof. It resists shrinking and stretching, he said.

A man's summer hat made of Dynel is so porous that a newspaper can be read through it. The hat weighs less than three ounces, he pointed out.

A spokesman for Celanese Corp. of America, Dr. W. E. Coughlin, described two new fabrics, Arnel and Fortisan. Arnel may be ironed safely and resists glazing, he said.

It is extremely resistant to wrinkling and mauling, and pleats permanent to laundering can be produced.

Fortisan is used where high strength combined with sheerness and light weight are desired. Dr. Coughlin said.

Thus, Fortisan is widely used in drapery fabrics. But because it is not a wrinkle-

resistant fibre, it has not gained use in the dress trade.

Other fabrics news from the convention:

The wash and wear fabrics are better now than they have been in previous years, said Dr. Dorothy Sigert, Lytle of the National Institute of Drycleaning.

But the "do not wring" label means just that, she warned. Wringing will cause wrinkles.

Also, some of the new fabrics will set with wrinkles if subjected to long hot periods in home dryers.

Disposable undergarments may be on their way, she reported.

Now there are paper bathing suits that can go into the water five or six times. Men's shirts made of paper will withstand five or six washings.

Homemakers should be educated on the care of new "miracle" fabrics, says Edward Arlin, assistant director of the J. C. Penney Co., Inc. research laboratory. He said.

"Despite all the modern easy-care garments available, we still can't dispense with brushing, airing, hanging, resting, and proper cleaning," United Press.

Heart Specialists On TRANQUILLITY-By-PILL

New York. TRANQUILLITY-BY-PILL is an extremely useful thing in persons who have had heart attacks — since there rarely if ever is any tranquillity in those persons without pills, two heart specialists have reported to their colleagues.

They "tranquillised" with pills 80 heart patients who were displaying much anxiety and tension about their illnesses, but anxiety

and tension which seemed to arise from their minds rather than from diseased hearts.

In most cases, they continued, the "intense anxiety usually associated with acute cardiac disease" was relieved. This, "in many instances," helped "recovery from an acute episode of heart trouble."

The specialists were Dr. Samuel Waldman of Long Island College, and Dr. Louis

Pelner of Brooklyn. In publishing their report, the editor of the technical journal, "American Practitioner," remarked that "obviously" their "thought is difficult of statistical evaluation and much clinical study be needed to confirm this idea."

Their "thought" in brief is that emotional stress places a strain on the heart muscle. In the normal heart, this emotional

stress, no matter how great, is less than the heart's ability to bear it. But a diseased heart has much less ability.

"Every heart has a failure threshold," that is, a maximum work load that cannot be outdone without failure," they said. "In a normal organ it is difficult to force myocardial (heart muscle) function beyond the critical level, but the threshold of a damaged heart can be exceeded rather easily. At rest an impaired myocardium may still be clinically competent, but agitation, emotional upheaval or physical stress may precipitate cardiac insufficiency and failure."

★ ★ ★

They felt that the connection between anxiety and heart function was well established, both scientifically and in the accumulated folklore observations of unscientific people. For instance, they pointed out the physical mechanisms which "may account for the age-old belief that one could 'die of fright'."

The great 18th century surgeon John Hunter, they recalled, had angina pectoris for 20 years and was so well aware of how his own emotions acted on his diseased heart that he said: "My life is at the mercy of any rascal who chooses to tease or annoy me." While lecturing, he was contradicted. He struggled to contain his rage, and dropped dead.

Whether or not tranquillity-by-pill aided their patients, Waldman and Pelner reported, depended upon the amount of heart damage present. "In dangerously ill patients with extensive infarction, in whom the disease appeared irreversible and rapidly progressive, there was no allusion of the inebriatingly fatal cases."

"They spoke of the tranquillising drugs as a class, that is, the 'ataraxics,' thus suggesting trials with any of them. They themselves used meprobamate which is the one best known to the general public as 'the happy pill.'—United Press.

Chignon Cap

MATERIALS: 1 ball each of Black and 469 (Geranium). This model is worked in these two shades but any other shades of Mercer-Crochet may be used. 1/2 yd (45.8 cm.) of round elastic; sequins. Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3.

TENSION: 3 rows=1 in. (2.5 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS: Ch—chain; sl—slip stitch; dc—double crochet; hlf tr—half treble; tr—treble; dbl tr—double treble; sp—space.

CAP

With Black, commence with 6 ch, join with a ss to form a ring.

1st Row: 5 ch, * 1 dbl tr into ring, 1 ch; repeat from * 14 times more, ending with 1 ss into 4th of 5 ch.

2nd Row: 5 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 1 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 5 ch.

3rd Row: 1 ss into first sp, 10 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 6 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 10 ch.

4th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 11 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 7 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 11 ch.

5th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 12 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 8 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 12 ch.

6th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 13 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 9 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 13 ch.

7th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 14 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 10 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 14 ch.

8th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 15 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 11 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 15 ch.

9th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 16 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 12 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 16 ch.

10th Row: Work a row of dc closely all round working over elastic, 1 ss into first dc. Fasten off. Join elastic.

repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 9 ch.

8th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 10 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 6 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 10 ch.

9th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 11 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 7 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 11 ch.

10th Row: Work a row of dc closely all round working over elastic, 1 ss into first dc. Fasten off. Join elastic.

11th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 12 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 8 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 12 ch.

12th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 13 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 9 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 13 ch.

13th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 14 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 10 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 14 ch.

14th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 15 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 11 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 15 ch.

15th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 16 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 12 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 16 ch.

16th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 17 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 13 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 17 ch.

17th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 18 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 14 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 18 ch.

18th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 19 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 15 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 19 ch.

19th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 20 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 16 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 20 ch.

20th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 21 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 17 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 21 ch.

21st Row: 1 ss into first sp, 22 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 18 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 22 ch.

22nd Row: 1 ss into first sp, 23 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 19 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 23 ch.

23rd Row: 1 ss into first sp, 24 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 20 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 24 ch.

24th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 25 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 21 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 25 ch.

25th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 26 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 22 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 26 ch.

26th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 27 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 23 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 27 ch.

27th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 28 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 24 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 28 ch.

28th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 29 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 25 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 29 ch.

29th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 30 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 26 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 30 ch.

30th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 31 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 27 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 31 ch.

31st Row: 1 ss into first sp, 32 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 28 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 32 ch.

32nd Row: 1 ss into first sp, 33 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 29 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 33 ch.

33rd Row: 1 ss into first sp, 34 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 30 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 34 ch.

34th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 35 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 31 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 35 ch.

35th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 36 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 32 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 36 ch.

36th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 37 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 33 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 37 ch.

37th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 38 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 34 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 38 ch.

38th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 39 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 35 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 39 ch.

39th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 40 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 36 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 40 ch.

40th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 41 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 37 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 41 ch.

41st Row: 1 ss into first sp, 42 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 38 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 42 ch.

42nd Row: 1 ss into first sp, 43 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 39 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 43 ch.

43rd Row: 1 ss into first sp, 44 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 40 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 44 ch.

44th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 45 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 41 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 45 ch.

45th Row: 1 ss into first sp, 46 ch, * 1 dbl tr into next sp, 42 ch; repeat from * ending with 1 ss into 4th of 46 ch.

ON HIS WAY: THE FIRST MAN FROM OUTER SPACE...

FOR SHEER COOL NERVE... I THINK THIS SAGA RANKS WITH SOME OF THE GREATEST OF ALL TIME...

It is the story of the year. It is human and it is melodramatic. It has simplicity and grandeur. You can look at it as one man's adventure. Or you can see in it a new milestone in the saga of mankind.

It is a simple story. One morning in the near future two young men will go on a journey. They will travel in an aluminium cylinder attached to a plastic bag filled with helium gas. This balloon will be released and will rise for one and a half hours or more. Then, when the two men in the cylinder have passed 100,000ft. and have ventured further from the earth than any other before them, they will return.

One man will return to the earth in the gondola of the balloon. The other will come back by himself.

The plan is that a young man, made human being shall cast himself into space some 20 miles above the earth.

Like a meteorite he will fall through the freezing void. He will hurtle through the cloud layers and only when he is 10,000ft. above the earth will his parachute open.

This journey from space may last 10 minutes. Ten minutes is a long time. If you are falling through space 10 seconds is a long time.

It is a long, long, long time in space.

This human being is to risk his life for a specific purpose. Scientists want to know if men will be able to abandon safely the aeroplanes which, before long, will fly this high.

The first field research into the future problems of spacemen manning projected man-made satellites must begin.

Other forms of life, from apes to fruit flies, have been fired into space, riding in rockets, and they have returned with the stories that scientific instruments tell for them.

But before men can venture into this no-man's land, one man must be willing to sacrifice himself on the first patrol.

The man who is willing to do this happens to be an American. It would be just as exciting if he was a Russian or a Briton.

He is a typical, intelligent, healthy, male human being. He will be our representative in space. It is likely that he will be a Captain Henry Nielson.

The forces that Captain Nielson will meet during his plunge into this unknown place would, a few years ago, have been regarded as insuperable.



by TOM POCOCK
WHO HAS BEEN PRETTY HIGH IN THE SKY HIMSELF

Outward bound, he should be moderately comfortable.

The gondola of the balloon will have been cooled with dry ice so that this body-heat will not become unbearable. He will be softly slung in nylon against the electric coils of the radio transmitters, the recording apparatus, and the machines that will supply him with heat and air.

PERILS

As he passes 70,000ft. and leaves behind the world of aeroplanes he will be already deep in the first danger zone.

At this height the unprotected human body cannot survive a second. If the insulation of pressure, heat, and air should fail, three things will happen. At once blood will boil and in a single, foaming explosion burst the heart and brain.

Even if this physical reaction were not inevitable, a human body at this height would, in a matter of seconds, die from cold or from lack of air.

Into this dead region a man is now to go. He will, of course, be encased in all the trappings of scientific caution.

He will wear a powerful G-suit to press in upon his body, simulating the pressure of the atmosphere. A pressure-tight transparent dome will encase his head.

He will be electrically heated. Air—prepared to an exact recipe—will be pumped into his lungs. The pulse of life in his heart and lungs will be electrically recorded.

He will begin his 20-mile dive with the best scientific insurance policy that is now possible. It is expected that he will be fully conscious all the way down.

Then the thick air around the earth will slow him to a steady 120 miles an hour until increasing pressure triggers his parachute's ripcord.

This nightmare high-dive calls for courage. It will need a new sort of courage. Something of the cool courage with which the brave can face a slow death.

Something of the flamboyant courage that can stir the blood like a bugle call. This man, now preparing for his ordeal, needs all of these.

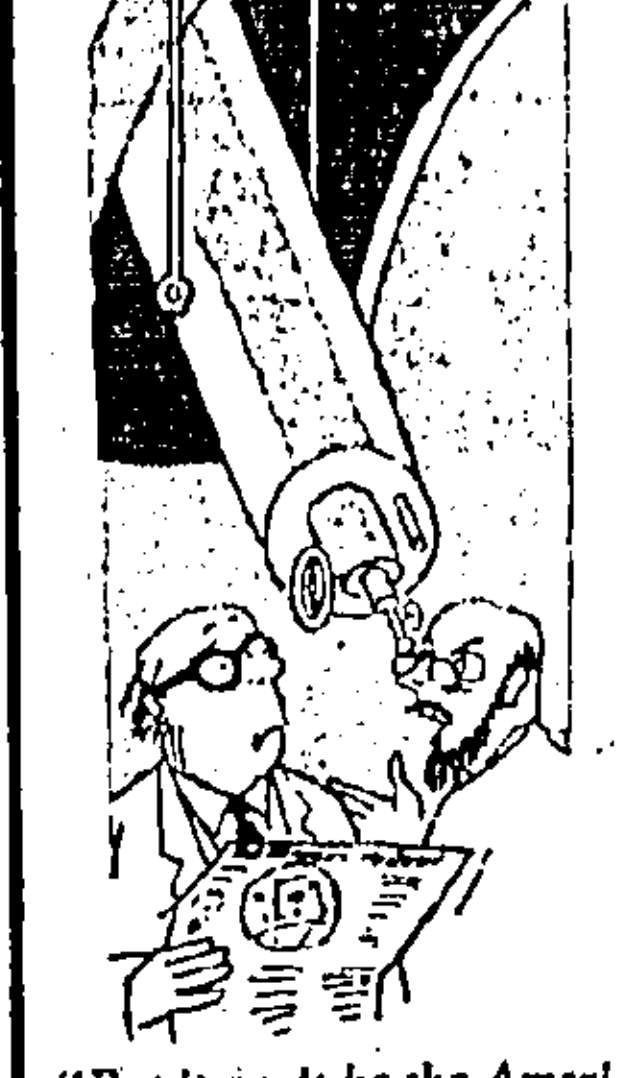
It is probable that he will never be able to describe his journey in words. Only a Byron in a space-suit could tell of this fall from the heavens.

He will probably be curt and laconic. His predecessor in the heights, a Captain Joe Kittinger, was so when, in another balloon, he reached 90,000ft. in June.

After two and a half hours floating at this height he was ordered by radio to descend. He refused. Again the order. He replied: "Come and get me!" But that little joke made in that vast and awful place is, to me, the most convincing proof that men can accept the challenge of the oceans of space.

POCKET CARTOON

By OSBERT LANCASTER



The Court of Last Resort steps in



DR. SAM SHEPPARD
Convicted December 1954.

officials—they called us mediocres and we had no official standing. But since that first case in which we cleared a man called Clarence Grogan, in Walla Walla, Washington, we have been getting stronger support.

"Sometimes even we've convinced the District Attorney who prosecuted that there had been a miscarriage of justice.

"We can tackle only about eight cases a year. There is an exhaustive check, of course, before we begin. A prisoner must have exhausted every legal remedy, he must have no ordinary legal help.

"So far as we know there is no other organisation anywhere in the world like the Court of Last Resort. But Gardner is taking a deep interest in his visits to Britain in the procedure of the Home Office, and maybe some day in America we will have a system like that."

'Fantastic'

THE court is running into trouble in Columbus. Judge Edward Blythin, who was on the Bench during the 10-week trial of Dr. Sheppard, protested: "It's nothing short of fantastic that a group of private individuals who have no evidence to offer should be allowed inside the Ohio penitentiary to meddle with a prisoner."

But the Court of Last Resort is not likely to be held back by hard words.

It never has been. And if Eric Stanley Gardner has anything to do with it, it never will.

Henry Lowrie

No fees

HELPING them are Gene Lowell, newspaper reporter turned investigator, and Mrs Lucille Wright, assistant to Steeger.

Lowell, explaining the set-up, said: "There is a constant flow of appeals for help. Maybe 20 a week from prisoners, from relatives and do-gooders."

"Many of the appeals are bare-faced attempts to get out of prison, and Mrs Wright and I, who screen the letters, can usually spot them right away."

"But when we are convinced an appeal is genuine we put it to court members by telegram and phone calls. They decide when to step in."

"No fee is ever charged a prisoner, no matter how expensive the case. Somebody interviews the prisoner, others call on witnesses and officials, and lie detector tests are made."

"When we have enough new evidence to establish our case it is presented to the proper authorities and they take over."

"These poor souls we have freed had gone through every legal trick in the book right up through the Appeals Court and even to the Supreme Court, and lost out. Yet we were able to satisfy everyone they had been imprisoned, usually for life, on mistakes."

"We had a lot of trouble at first getting co-operation from

New York.

THE U.S. is today being shaken by a murder case verdict in a way that Britain knows well from the Evans-Christie controversy.

Right into the middle of the U.S. case now steps the Court of Last Resort—a remarkable private organisation that in nine years has won freedom for 30 men convicted of murder.

It has proved they were wrongfully convicted. Can it now prove the innocence of Dr Sam Sheppard, gaoled for life for beating his wife Marilyn to death three years ago?

It was a trial that held America spellbound. And when, after being out for 102 hours, the jury found Sheppard guilty of second-degree murder, he once more calmly protested his innocence.

Reopened

A 23-YEAR-OLD drug addict, Donald Wedler, has now confessed to the murder.

The case has been re-opened. And the Court of Last Resort is moving into Columbus, Ohio, where Sheppard lies in gaol.

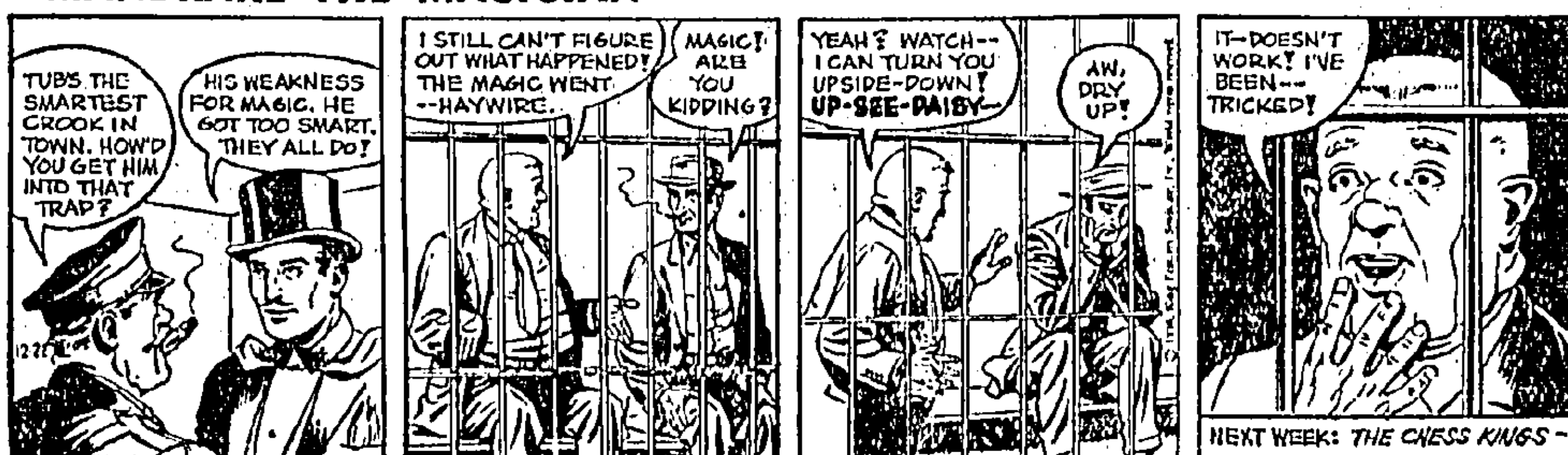
The Court of Last Resort was conceived by the world's most popular thriller author, 68-year-old Eric Stanley Gardner, creator of famed Perry Mason, adventurous lawyer.

More than 80,000,000 copies of Gardner's mystery thrillers have been sold. He can think up a new plot in 30 minutes, but it was years of anxiety about miscarriage of justice that went into his greatest work, the setting up of the Court of Last Resort.

He was holidaying in Mexico in '48 when he brought his idea to a head and explained it to Harry Steeger, publisher of Argosy Magazine. They called in some friends, who were con-

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



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The success story of the POLAROUTER began on November 15, 1954. On that day, S.A.S. opened the top of the world to commercial aviation. Flying the direct transpolar route from Europe to the U.S. West Coast, S.A.S. flight chiefs needed a watch they could trust.

Universal, whose factory is the most modern in Switzerland, designed the watch and fittingly named it the POLAROUTER.

Today, some 10,000 flying hours and over 50 million passenger miles later, flight captains on the entire, worldwide S.A.S. network keep on time with Universal POLAROUTER watches. So can you.

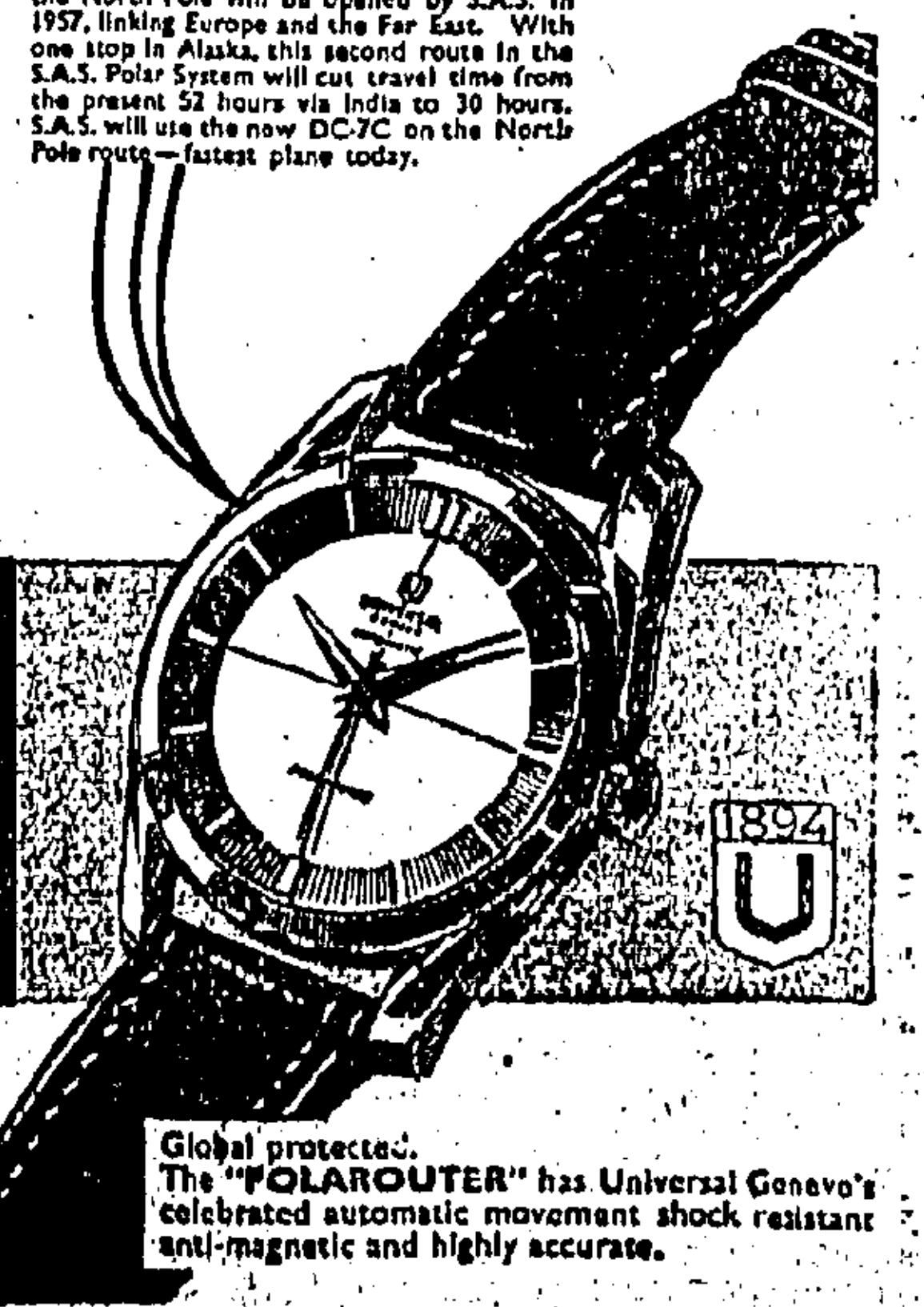
And you will be wearing a watch that's as handsome and up-to-date as the sleek silver birds on which the POLAROUTER was flight-tested for you.

1954 The world's first commercial Polar air service was pioneered by S.A.S. and opened in Nov. 1954 linking Europe and the U.S. West Coast via Greenland.

1957 The first commercial air service to cross the North Pole will be opened by S.A.S. in 1957, linking Europe and the Far East. With one stop in Alaska, this second route in the S.A.S. Polar System will cut travel time from the present 52 hours via India to 30 hours. S.A.S. will use the new DC-7C on the North Pole route—fastest plane today.



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A Man of Little Faith in the GREAT AMERICAN DREAM

MARQUAND'S prose is a kind of mental purgative. His countrymen shudder at the thought of him—as small boys shudder at the thought of a ghost.

But they read him because they feel better for it. Those who have achieved the success advocated by the National Association of Manufacturers and extolled by the whisky advertisements feel better because Marquand understands them well enough to bring to the surface whatever trace of humility remains within. Those who have not feel better in the realization that life at the top is not so good after all.

John P. Marquand was clearly born to purge the mighty. His family had been rich New Englanders with pedigrees going back to 1732 when the first Marquand sailed from Guernsey.

The first American-born Marquand managed comfortably in the twin businesses of merchant and privateer and, indeed, became so rich that he felt constrained to pray "Lord, stay Thy hand. Thy servant hath had enough."

But John P.'s father was ruined in the great financial panic of 1907. As a consequence of his father's downfall, he went to live with two maiden aunts. "I was a well-bred little boy and the rug was pulled out from under me," he explains. There are those who think that he did not feel very far.

He went to a decent school and on to Harvard. But it was

PROFILE JOHN PHILLIPS MARQUAND by Les Armour

the wrong school and, consequently, he was not elected to any of the socially acceptable clubs at Harvard.

From there he went to work in an advertising agency. Clearly, however, his disillusionment with the Great American Dream was already so deep-set that he was doomed to failure.

His employer tactfully suggested that he retire from the business on the grounds that he did not have the "business instinct."

Promptly, he wrote a bad historical novel—and sold it for two thousand dollars.

Shortly afterwards he was approached by a couple of young men who wanted to interest him in putting up a little money for a new magazine. Marquand counted his money and decided that he needed a new pair of shoes. He accordingly refused to lend any.

The magazine was "Time." Marquand, however, had no need of a magazine to help him make his money. By the middle twenties—when he was in his early thirties—he was a best-selling novelist.

Good to quit Boston

By this time, too, he had married Christina Sedgwick, daughter of a rich Bostonian. Marquand found his in-laws a little irritating. They found him a doubtful quantity. Novellists, after all, are apt to be a little unstable.

The break came when Marquand decided to blow the top off Deacon Hill with a book called "The Late George Apley." The book chronicled the ritualistic complacency and ultra-genteel snobbery which concealed a sort of robber-baron rapacity.

Christina looked at the manuscript and said quietly: "That's a good book to write if you want to leave Boston."

The book was finally published in 1937, the year in which Marquand married his second wife, Adelaide Hooker.

Thereafter, the snobs and the tycoons had little peace. Marquand, meanwhile, moved comfortably into his present home on Kent's Island, Newburyport, Massachusetts, and settled down to enjoy a close-up view of the devastation he wrought.

At the same time, he invented Mr. Moto, a gentlemanly Japanese detective whose adventures with crime were entirely

harmless and incredibly profitable to Mr. Marquand. Now, after a suitable interlude to allow those in whom the war might have dulled appreciation of Mr. Moto to recover their balance, Marquand has revived him.

This time he is working, naturally, for American intelligence and he is not quite so carefree. The matters he deals with now have a slightly nightmarish quality—indicating, perhaps, that years of pumping high explosives at his countrymen have left Marquand himself a little shell-shocked.

Mr. Moto, however, was never more than a diversion. The serious business went on—through "H. M. Pulham, Esq.," "So Little Time," "Melville Goodwin, U.S.A." The last chapter, published in 1955, was called "Sincerely, Willis Wayde."

Wayde, a young man, scrambles up the industrial ladder through the good offices of an ancient Bostonian family, the Harcourts, lives long enough to take over the business and close it down ruthlessly.

Naturally Wayde starts out as a young man whose ideals are those of the Saturday Evening Post's industrial commentator—tempered only by the desire to get ahead. And, naturally, the tempering eventually kills the ideal and leaves only the faintest bad conscience. That faint conscience is described in loving detail by Marquand. To him it is the one redeeming feature in his otherwise totally repellent characters.

The Marquand thesis is, simply, that the unfettered pursuit of material goods and the pursuit of the good life are totally incompatible.

The veneer of "good life" poured on by the proper Bostonian involves either living in a world bearing no relation to reality or living a constant hypocrisy.

Naturally, this has not made him personally popular—no matter how many manuscripts may queue up to buy his books.

Marquand said not so long ago: "I have three friends and two of them don't like me."

Overground Sabotage

That, of course, is an exaggeration but, if it were not for the fact that the white-haired, soft-voiced Marquand gives the outward appearance of living and liking the good aristocratic life, there would no doubt be a lot of people ready to investigate him for subversion. If anyone has subverted the American Way of Life it is certainly Marquand.

The trouble is he doesn't live like a subversive. And he has even remained, as he was born, a Unitarian.

What could be more proper than a Unitarian Harvard man with a farm on Kent's Island and membership cards to the Century and the Somerset Clubs?

Yes, parties can be so very awkward

WATCH for this name: Shura Cherkassky. It belongs to a bouncing, vital little man—full height 5 ft.—who is fast becoming one of the best-known names in British concert halls. In the last year Cherkassky has climbed from the ranks of the almost unknown, playing to half-empty concert halls and unenthusiastic audiences, to a £15,000 a year place among the leading pianists of Europe. Because of his height he presents an astonishing picture as he plays.

He wriggles

ANYTHING written for the top notes of the piano is out in Cherkassky's realm. To get to them he wriggles along his stool, stabbing at the keys on the way like a hen picking corn. To play with both hands at the bottom of the piano Cherkassky repeats his wriggle back along the stool. To play with one hand at the top of the keyboard and one hand at the bottom he almost stands up.

He swims

NOW, in the last few years, Cherkassky has started concentrating his appearances in Europe. Why?

In an accent that still has more than a trace of Russia he says: "It will do me good in America. They like people to have a European reputation."

What life does Cherkassky lead away from the piano? For exercise he swims. For relaxation he sunbathes. He doesn't smoke. He doesn't drink.

"I don't drink because it brings out the worst in me. It can be very awkward when people give champagne parties. When I say I don't drink they think I am nuts. I am not. A few drinks make me so objectionable I don't even like myself."

"I know I ought to get myself analysed. I live in Nice, where even the children drink wine. But I find it easier not to drink."

"The trouble is that when I have had a few drinks I feel I can play better. I know I can't. My fingers won't work. Now I have worked out a plan. When I sit down to play I try to imagine I have had something to drink. I try to feel a little intoxicated." Cherkassky is not only teetotal; he is also a three-day a week abstainer from good food.

"There is nothing I like better than a good meal. But my doctor says I am too fat. Anyway, nobody likes a pudgy little man."

"Three days a week I just have fruit and milk. I can't go on a steady diet. I don't like it. So for the other four days I eat what I like. It's marvellous."

"But is it effective?" "I don't know. I don't think so. But it's marvellous."

To sample the pre-diet Cherkassky, listen to his recordings of the Tchaikovsky Piano and Second Piano Concertos (Deutsche Grammophon D.G.M. 18013 and 18292, 33 rpm).

Cherkassky's immaculate technique produces notes that are normally never heard—but should be. He can be tender and delicate, stern and exciting. His interpretation has pure beauty. His try-to-feel-drunk idea comes through—even on a record.

But better still go and hear him in person. He is one of the few pianists well worth watching.

RECORDS by PETER BUCHAN

THE RED MARTEN. By Peter Nisser. Michael Joseph. 15s. Long and masterly novel tracing the fortunes of a farming family from the 17th- and 18th-century Sweden, told in prose as tough and close-grained as oak. Using his own family history as background material, Nisser evokes a land shadowed by witchcraft and winter, where men are as savage as the seasons. The translation (by Naomi Walford) is so good as to be unnoticeable.

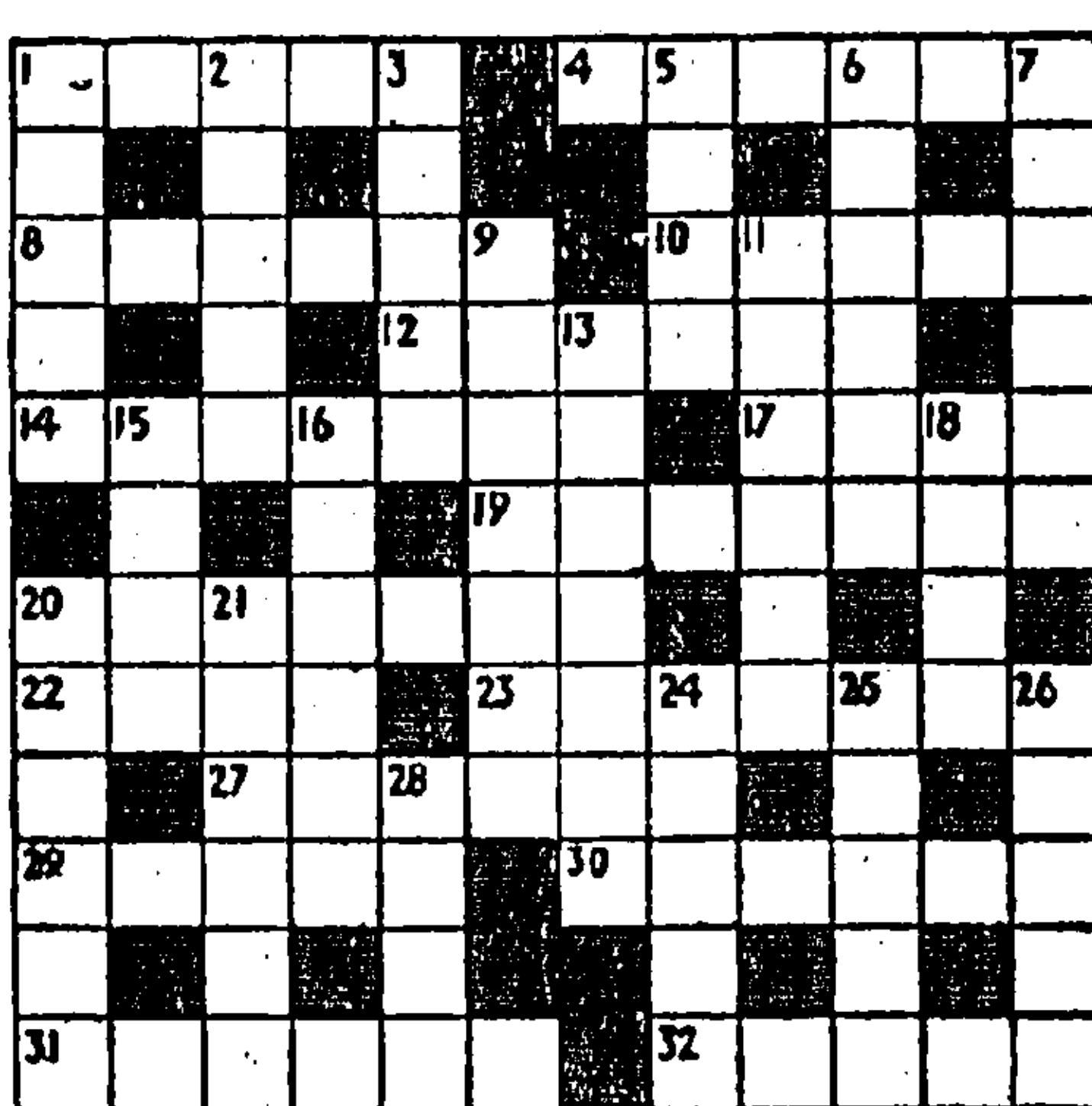
SWITCHBOARD. By Roger Longridge. Faber. 15s. Gay, beguiling story of love and advertising on the Knightsbridge circuit, with a hectically funny section on the coming of commercial TV. Longridge traps dialogue with an ear like a pitcher plant, but allows his victims to twitter for too long.

INTO THE DREAMS. By Edward Hyams. Longmans. 15s. Tragi-comedy about a millionaire's son who prefers to work in an orchard rather than the

executive suite. Some angry jokes about advertising; a lightly-veiled plea for farmers who love the land; and a tenuous little love story. Not Hyams's best, but worth reading.

THE COLD DARK NIGHT. By Sarah Galaham. Bantam. 12s. 6d. Very superior thriller beginning with the murder of a much-making journalist in Berlin during the Four Power Conference of 1954. Excellent atmosphere and subtle rendering of the tensions of a heart-sick city. Miss Galaham is going right to the top of her class.

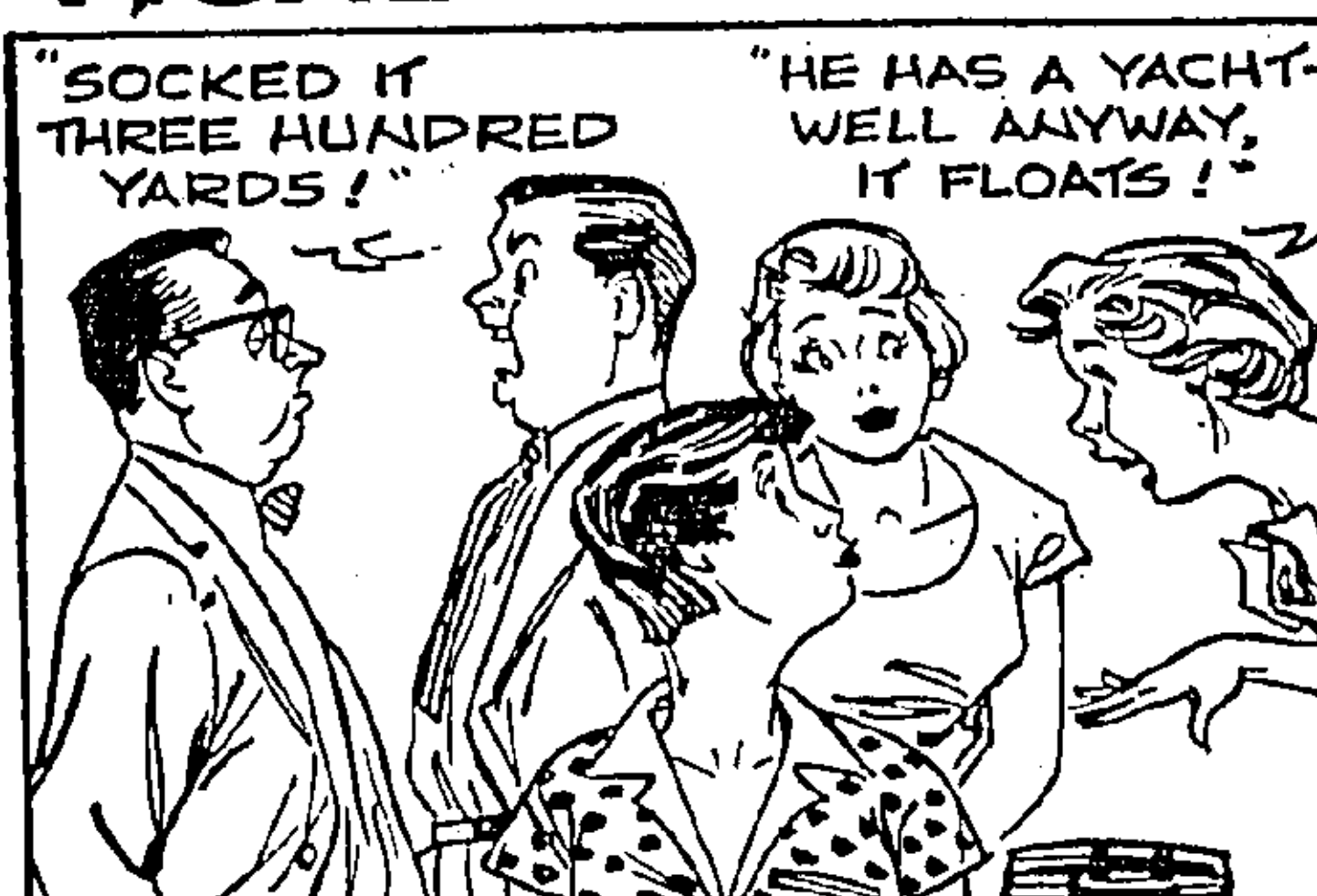
A British Crossword Puzzle



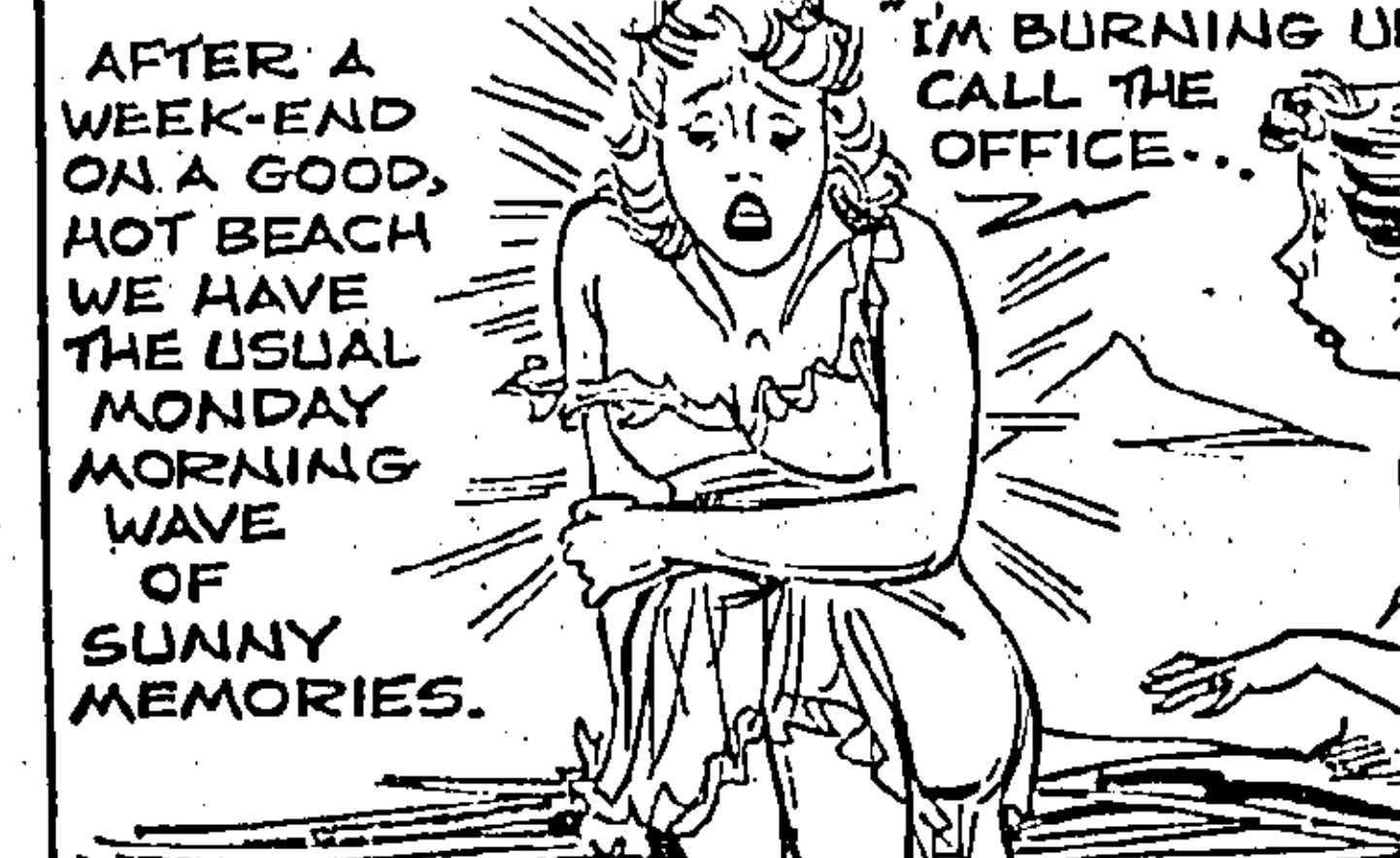
- ACROSS
- 1 It's the very devil! (5).
 - 4 Runs off romantically (6).
 - 8 Take with a good grace (6).
 - 10 Semi-precious stone (5).
 - 12 Particulars (6).
 - 14 Now the middle classes? (3, 4).
 - 17 When Fortune smiles? (3, 4).
 - 19 Name for grass? (7).
 - 20 Have a go (7).
 - 22 Abbreviated program (4).
 - 23 Think well (7).
 - 26 Compelled to jump? (6).
 - 30 Bath cake? (6).
 - 31 Scottish duckyard (6).
 - 32 Surrender the crop (5).
- DOWN
- 2 Dejected as haggard (5).
 - 3 Scotch parrot? (5).
 - 5 Good for nothing (5).
 - 6 Ill-fated lady (5).
 - 9 It upens underground (5).
 - 11 Smooth (6).
 - 13 Edible morsel (7).
 - 15 More than enough (8).
 - 16 French gun (7).
 - 18 Black as pitch? (4).
 - 21 French gun (7).
 - 24 She just grew (5).
 - 25 Winner selector (5).
 - 27 Fiery mount? (5).
 - 29 Approach to a mine (4).

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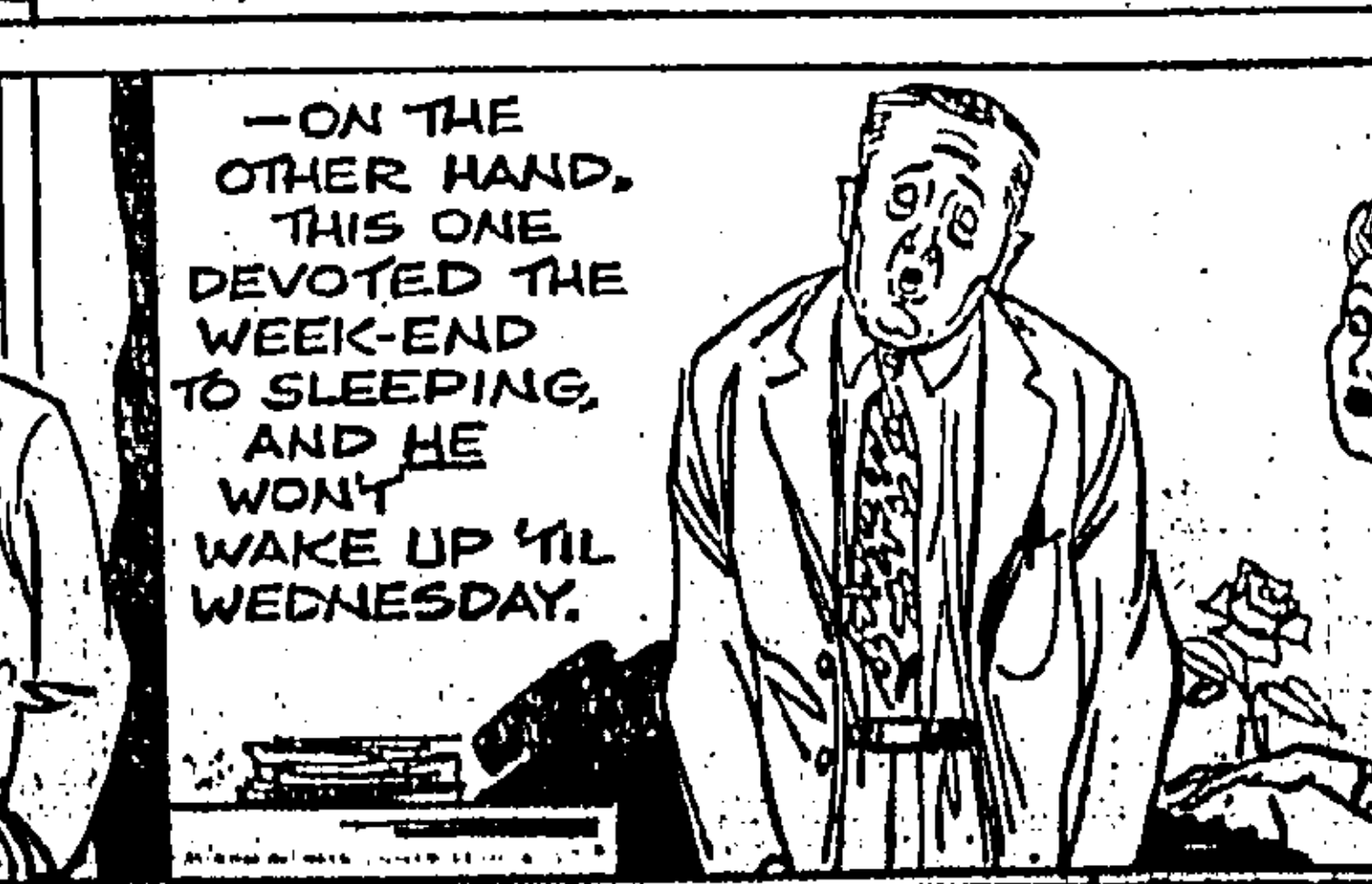
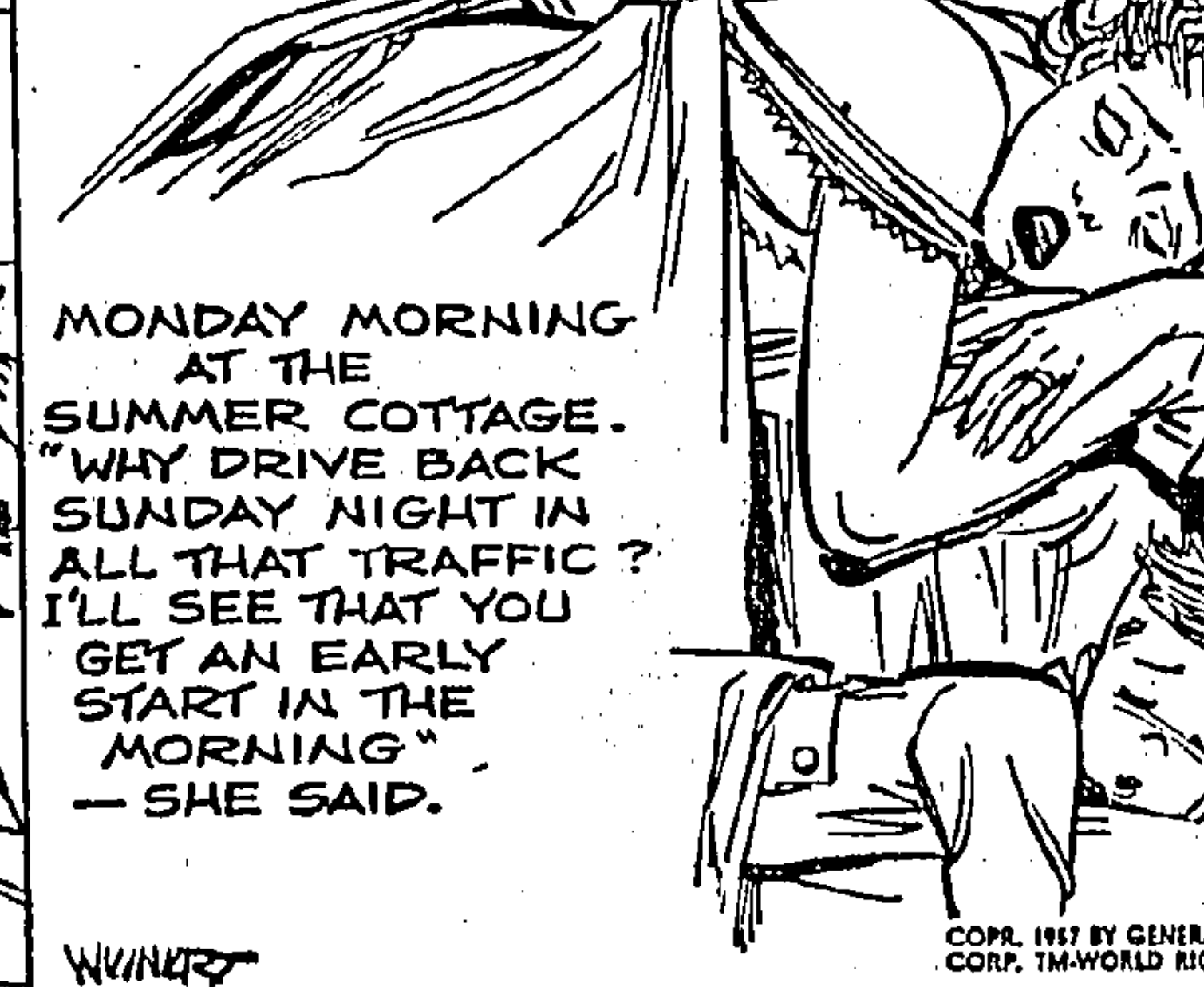
VIGNETTES OF LIFE



BEFORE GETTING DOWN TO WORK IT IS NECESSARY TO REVIEW THE WEEK-END BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER THE COFFEE-BREAK.



Monday Morning

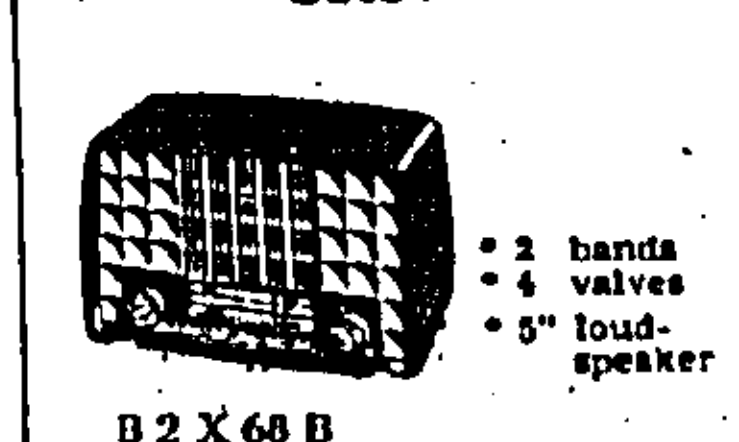


By Harry Weinert



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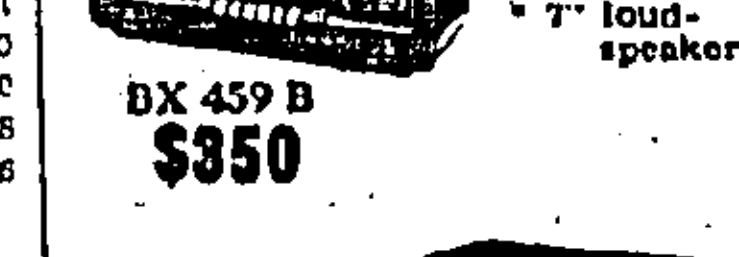
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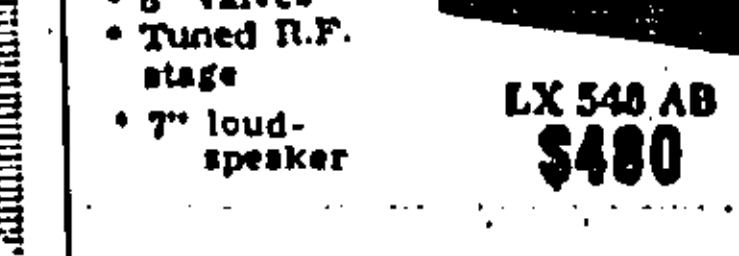
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The Near And The Far In The World Of Sport

WHERE IS ALL THIS MODERN ATHLETIC PROGRESS GOING TO END?

Asks I. M. MacTavish

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Who was top of the Australian batting averages on the 1933 tour of England: Morris, Johnston, Miller or Harvey?
2. Which famous cricket names follow these initials: T.E.S.; P.B.H.; L.E.G.; A.P.F.?
3. For what sport is Miss Norman Brinker famous?
4. With which sports do you associate these trophies: Ryder Cup; Calcutta Cup; Walker Cup; Cowdrey Cup?
5. When did Americans win all the men's swimming events in an Olympic Games?
6. Who is the odd tennis player: Trabert, Hotelling, Trevelyan, Paddy?
7. With which show-jumping riders do you associate the horses: Tessa and Foxhunter?
8. What sports would you expect to see at Twickenham; Trent Bridge; Forest Hills; Troon; Heine Hill; Yankee Stadium?
9. What is the highest total ever scored in one innings of a Test match?
10. How many times has Derek Ibbotson run the mile in less than four minutes?

(Answers See Page 17.)



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trim and THIN



According to an ancient tale there was once a young man who was so imbued with the idea that he could emulate the flying habit of birds that he made himself a large pair of wax wings.

His progressive daring was ill rewarded. His wings melted in the heat of the sun and he came to a sad and premature end in the sea.

His deeds — ambitious as they were — brought him only contemporary ridicule. 'Birds may fly but men must walk' seems to be the only emotion which he aroused. . . . and when, within the span of present day life, the forerunners of our modern aviators started to fly their so-called nefarious machines, the sceptics merely changed their critical tunes to a new theme.

This time they plugged away at the suggestion that the human frame would never stand up to the strains and stresses of 'high speed' . . . and don't forget that in those early days of flying 'high speed' were something very different from what we now mean by the term.

The sides today hold a complete answer to these doubts. Men fly regularly at speeds far beyond the comprehension of the ordinary land-bound mortal, and physiological research proves that the human frame can in fact withstand a great deal of punishment.

LIMITS

After watching the TV film of Derek Ibbotson's mile at the White City, London, I found myself thinking along lines that were strangely parallel to the ones I have stated above.

I not to thinking of the comments we have heard in comparatively recent times about the "absolute" limits of human effort, and the lasting damages that would almost certainly result from trying to exceed them. It is a line of thought that has started many a highly scientific argument and I was rather pleased to hear of a comment which is being attributed in one way or another to the study of such matters. He is reported as saying that if they are doing nothing else the modern athletes are showing little they really UNDERSTAND the human frame, particularly when it is inspired by the human will.

A LOGICAL END

It is certainly a provocative thought. If one wanted to be really thorough it would be worthwhile following it to a logical end . . . and may be some time when I have a period of relaxation I might do just that.

For the moment, however, I must confess I find the background thoughts to Ibbotson's mile strangely fascinating . . . and I find that in varying degrees it has also been engaging the thoughts of many others in the Colony who have a special interest in our varied and active world of sport.

I asked four prominent local sportsmen where they thought it was all going to end . . . in other words 'How long can athletes go on breaking records'.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Howls

- 1st Division: KRC v IRC "Blue", IRC "Gold" v TC, Rerele v KRC, CCC v KRC.
2nd Division: KRC v PRC, Rerele v IRC, TC "Blue" v IRC, KRC v IRC, CCC v TC "Red".
3rd Division: KRC v Rerele, IRC v CCC, Stanley v IRC, HKPSA v KRC, KRC v IRC.
Ladies League: 2nd Division: KRC v TC, IRC v PRC.

POP



...including those like the four-minute mile, so long thought to be 'impossible'. One well-known runner said that he believed it was all a matter of applied knowledge and that, theoretically at least, there was no such thing as an end.

"Nowadays we have built up a wide miscellany of training methods. Each and every one of these has its merits; but it is becoming more and more obvious that by a process of scientific elimination, we are approaching a new standard of perfection in the preparation of athletes and this is fast removing the word 'impossible' from the vocabulary of athletes."

"I believe that progress, as far as record breaking is concerned, will still go on . . . but the margin of improvement will get smaller and smaller and I foresee the day when it may be necessary to find a completely new method of training an athlete's performance in order to record the measure of improvement. . . ."

CONSIDERABLE

The second sportsman to whom I put the question was the benefit of specialist medical knowledge and he emphasized the fact that there has been considerable overall progress in the study of the physiological potential of human beings. He said "now knowledge as to endurance and stamina has provided, in its turn, a fresh field of study to determine just how the information can best be used to advantage . . . and so the cycle goes on. Record breaking, as such, is frequently the fruits of these two fields of scientific study . . . even if the athletes who do the actual record breaking do not fully realise it."

This was a most illuminating conversation and I was particularly impressed by the logical progression of thought. It was pointed out to me, for example, that athletic improvement has not been confined to any single event or type of event. My learned friend went on to say "Today men are running faster than ever before . . . but they are also jumping further; jumping higher; swimming faster; cycling faster; throwing weights and hammers further, yet the most important single point . . . and one which should never be overlooked, is that women are regularly chalking up exactly the same sort of progressive achievements. In fact, many of the records being set by the women of today would have satisfied the male athletes of not so very long ago."

THE THIRD PERSON

The third person confronted with my inquiry is a young man who is at present doing his National Service here in Hong Kong. He is in fact young enough to be excused any ignorance of the vital sporting evolution that has been enacted in the past 20 years, but he has no lack of an opinion on the question of modern athletic standards. His comments are most enlightening. He said "You older types (I FILLED THAT FOR FUTURE COMMENT) I, MCT, forget that young athletes like me do not regard

the four minutes mile as a novelty.

"We have approached our adult career in the years of its achievement and to us it is really commonplace. As a consequence we regard it in a very different light from those of you who watched the great struggle that went on during the years preceding Roger Bannister's burst through the barrier. I accept it mentally in much the same way as I accept aircraft that travel faster than sound although my old grandmother still recalls for me the days of horse-drawn buses. Our targets and our goals are now very different from those of the young men who began their careers only ten years ago. We are not trying to see how near we can get to the four minute mark . . . we are trying to see how far we can get inside it . . . and we have the proven example of several great runners to encourage us."

Nowadays there exists nothing of the physical mystery that hung over the elusive time mark before Dr Bannister's wonderful run at Oxford.

"With all that in mind I don't think it is possible to say 'where it will all end' . . . but I can represent the sort of ever improving stars and the benefits of scientific coaching there is no end in sight at the moment."

From a comparative youngster that is pretty thoughtful stuff and it surely represents the sort of positive thinking that explains why young men go on striving for new records . . . and also why they are breaking them with such regularity.

ONLY DESIRE

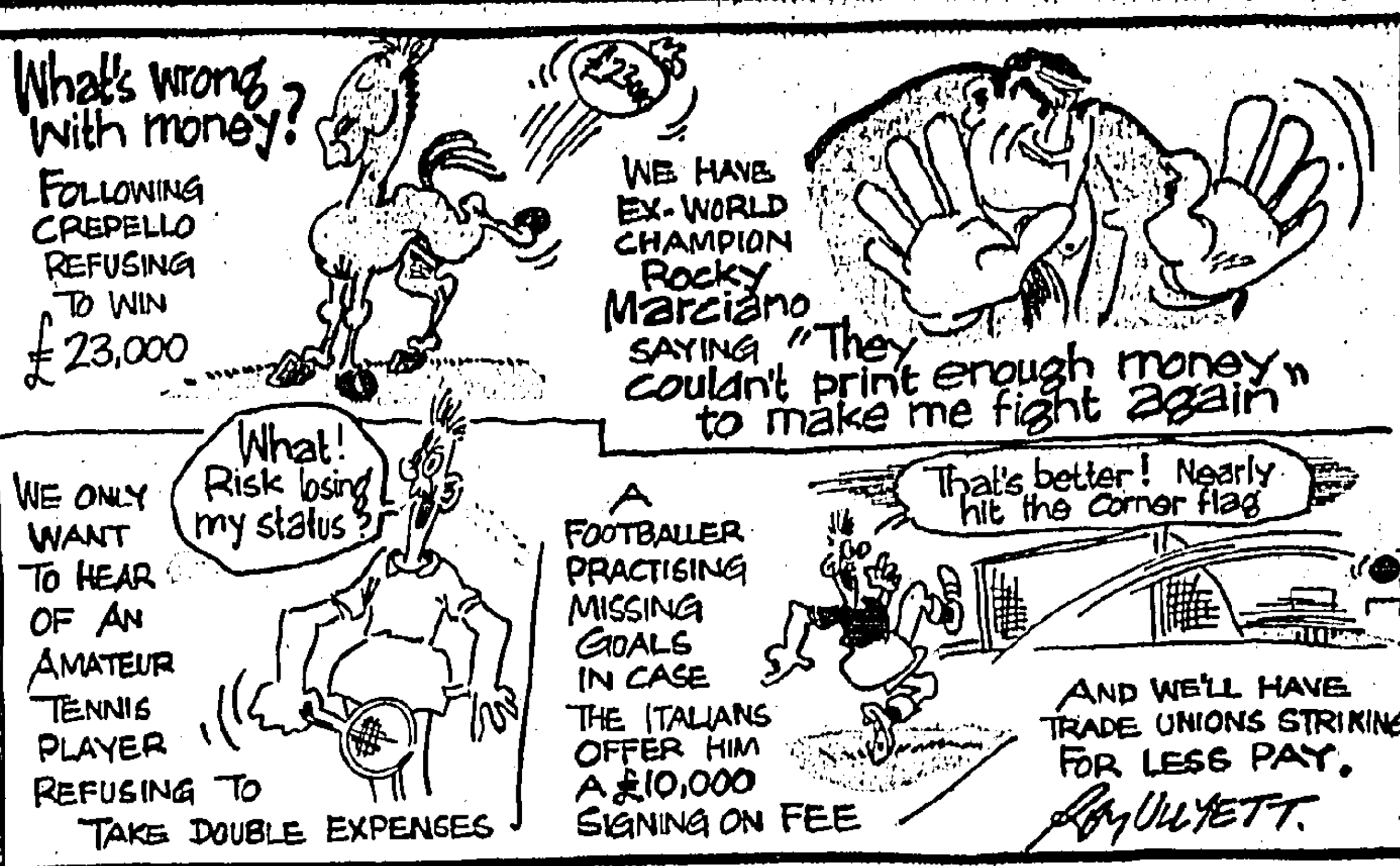
It was a matter of personal regret that I was unable to bring this young man face to face with the last person who discussed the question with me. This time it was an old gentleman who once put up some pretty good performances in his own right.

"The days when men still pitted their ability against each other; whose only desire was to beat an opponent; and whose thoughts hadn't reached the stage when they accepted a tussle between muscle and pocket watch in the light of an athletic encounter."

"In the years to come" he said, "many of the present day athletes will be able to tell you the exact time they took for a specific event on a specific day at a specific place . . . but I'll bet they couldn't tell you the names of the men who were pitted against them in the race. That isn't the kind of competition I wanted. I set out to prove, if I could, that I was a better man than my opponent. Racing against minute and second hands of a watch seems to me to be a poor substitute . . . but maybe I'm just being old fashioned, so don't be too unkind to me in print. The end was reached when men took on watches instead of opponents."

Well, there are four very different points of view. Together they make interesting food for thought . . . so maybe you would like to clear over the intriguing question "Where is all this modern athletic progress going to end . . . ?"

ROY ULLYETT ON THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL



THE STANLEY MATTHEWS STORY

A WORLD TEAM WITHOUT STAN ON THE RIGHT WING IS UNTHINKABLE

Says TREVOR HILTON

If ever one man or one thing won a Cup Final it was Stanley Matthews and his magic at Wembley in 1953. Although today Stan would not agree, there was no doubt that Stanley felt this was really his last chance to win that coveted winner's medal.

Remember that was his third final. He had played in that 1948 classic of the post-war period when Blackpool was beaten by Manchester United. And I shall never forget how, after Blackpool had gone down to Newcastle in 1951, the slight, bowed figure walked slowly back to the dressing room, not casting a glance at the wildly celebrating Newcastle players.

He walked all alone, and his whole figure seemed to be expressing the thought in all our minds: that this was the last chance, and now, it had gone. But we were all wrong, and now he was making his third attempt.

And yet with 25 minutes to go, it seemed odds on that Stan Matthews was going to be un-dermined again. For despite the fact that Bolton had Eric Bell, a crimp, hobbling gallantly but ineffectually on the left wing, they were leading 3-1, and there were few who thought Blackpool could pull the game out of the fire.

But one man did, and decided to do something about it. San Matthews. Taking full advantage of a series of drum presses from little Ernie Taylor, Matthews proceeded to electrify the crowd and completely bewildered Bolton with brilliance such as only he can produce.

He tempted, tantalised and tore the harassed Bolton defence to pieces. His dribbling and tricky runs reached a standard remarkable even by his standards. The ball seemed attached to his feet and his crosses and passes were so accurate that it seemed he was controlling them by ruler.

HIS MAGIC WAY

It was an exhibition never to be forgotten but even so it seemed that the task was too much to expect. Even when Stan Mortenson met one of those perfectly judged lobs into the centre, to

make it 3-2, it still seemed that the Cup was headed for Bolton. But still Matthews weaved his magic way through and around the Bolton defence, and slowly but surely Bolton started to wilt. They began to make mistakes; there were the surest signs of desperation creeping into their play, and then, four minutes from the end, they gave away a free kick, outside the penalty area.

It did not look particularly dangerous as the defensive wall lined up. But Mortenson ran up to the ball and by some miracle found a gap and crashed the ball into the back of the net and Blackpool had drawn level.

Now it seemed we were headed for extra time. Those few minutes ticked by and then, with only 40 seconds left, the old maestro got the ball again and started off on yet another of his destroying dribbles. On and on he went until he reached the by-line; and then, a split second before he lost his balance, he hooked the ball back into the goal mouth, and there was Bill Perry waiting to slam the ball home.

And so, dramatically, Blackpool had won the game and Stan his medal and it was right that his delicious colleagues should rush to congratulate and thank him. A few moments later he had climbed up to the Royal Box to receive his medal from the Queen and hear her say: "Well done!"

It was no lonely figure that left the field on this occasion; he was cheered off by his team-

mates to an ovation which has not even been equaled by Wembley Stadium's greatest. Not even the most rabid Bolton fan, however bitterly disappointed at seeing the Cup spirited out of their grasp by sheer football magic, grudged Matthews his medal.

HIS AMBITION

Now that he had achieved his ambition, the knowing ones started saying that soon he would be hanging up his boots and retiring. Stan said nothing, he just got on with his training, kept his own counsel and continued playing—playing, what is more, with even greater skill.

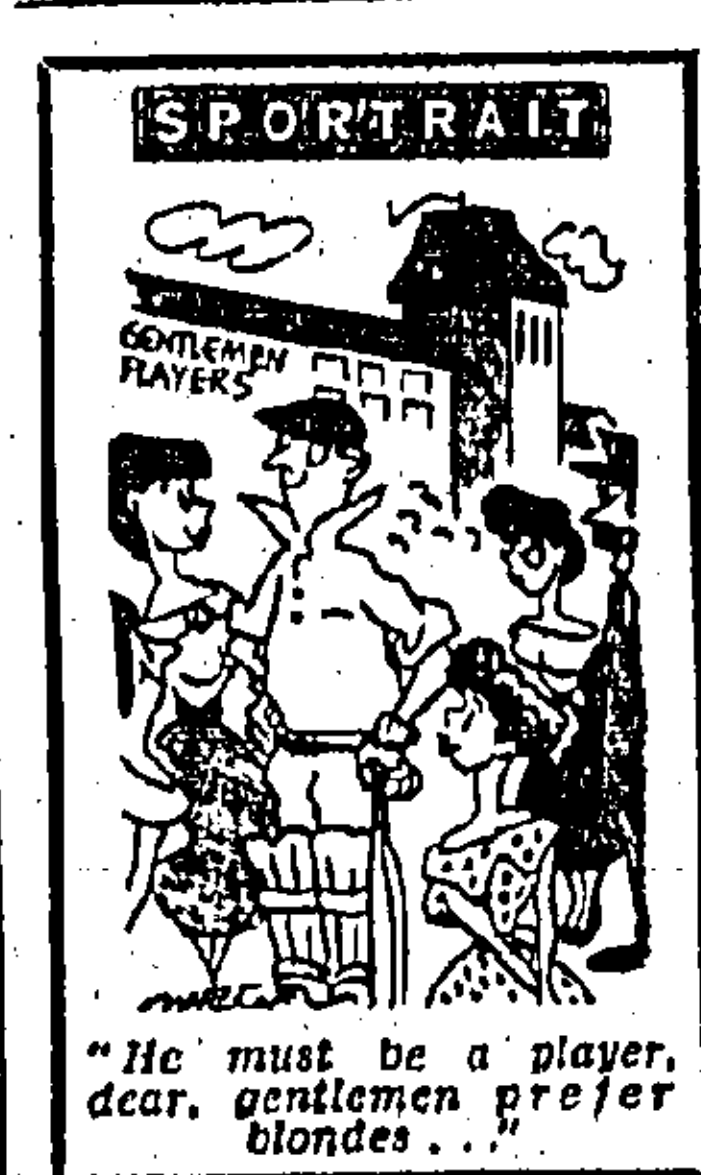
And, as he would point out, he still needs a League Championship winner's medal to complete his collection. Inevitably he was recalled to the England team, almost it seemed, against the selectors' will—an attitude which completely baffled our opponents all over the world.

For to them on England team, or for that matter a world team, without Stanley Matthews on the right-wing is unthinkable.

It just does not make sense. Yet all this tends to baffle Matthews. Generally acclaimed as the greatest footballer on earth, he finds it impossible to describe, how or why he does what he does; similarly he cannot, for instance, demonstrate his body swerve.

He cannot do it in cold blood and says that it just comes naturally under the pressure of actual playing conditions. This is why Matthews would never make a great coach. He is an artist rather than an instructor and his natural reserve prevents him making a great captain.

His value as an inspiration to youngsters lies in the opportunity of playing against him on a winning team. For once a game has started, Stanley does what comes naturally. But he realises that his skill and ability are only as good as his physical limitations will permit, and this is why he never, why he never, why he never will play unless he



London Express Service

is convinced that he is 100% fit.

A STRONG WILL

It is equally true that his quiet manner can be most misleading, for behind it there is a strong will which never wavers when he believes something is wrong.

An example of this is when he found things at Stoke not as pleasant as he felt they could be and staggered the football world by asking for a transfer. It was not until after there had been a packed Towns meeting demanding "Matthews Must Not Go" and the troubles had been ironed out, that he withdrew his request and stayed on for another nine years.

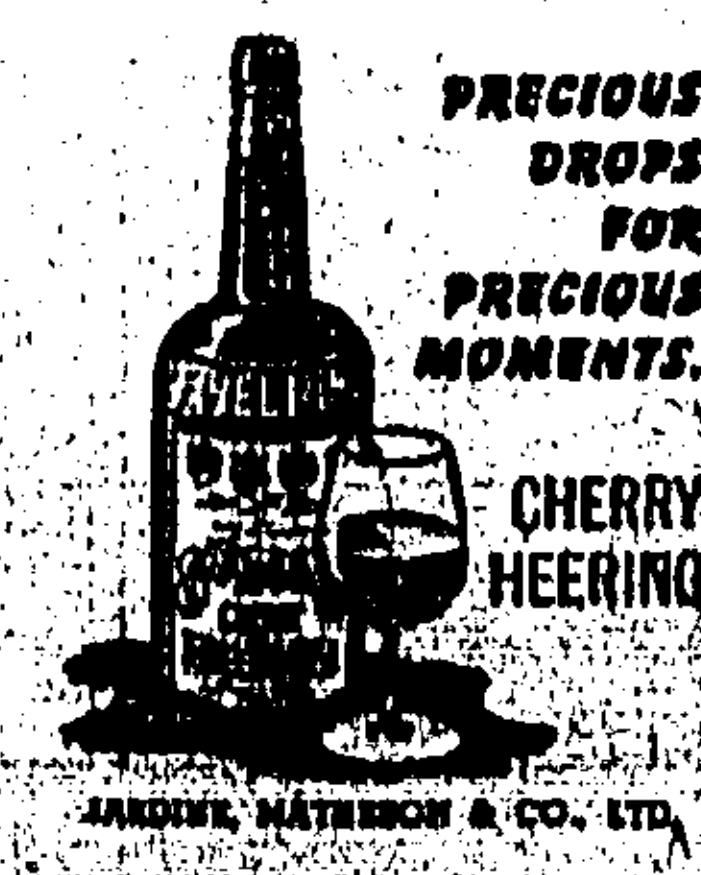
But most of these years were during the war and Stan was in the RAF. And it was during these years that he discovered the outside of a field to make his home there. He guested regularly for the season during the war and shortly afterwards Stoke transferred him to Blackpool for the incredibly low figure of £11,000—surely the biggest bargain there ever has been in the history of soccer transfers.

Still, Stan was approaching his mid-thirties then, and possibly Stoke also felt into the trap of thinking that Stan had not many more seasons to play.

And yet, if you try to analyse Matthews' play, it is difficult to appreciate that he is the genius he is. After all he rarely heads the ball; basically he has only one trick, and that is a flick with the outside of his right foot, and his left foot is not as strong as his right. Admittedly he has that body swerve, and that devastating burst of acceleration, but surely, one must argue, by now the full-backs he has played against must have mastered these things and known exactly what to expect. Well, the fact is they haven't and no one ever has. And so, by now the full-backs that it is all done by magic. Matthews magic.

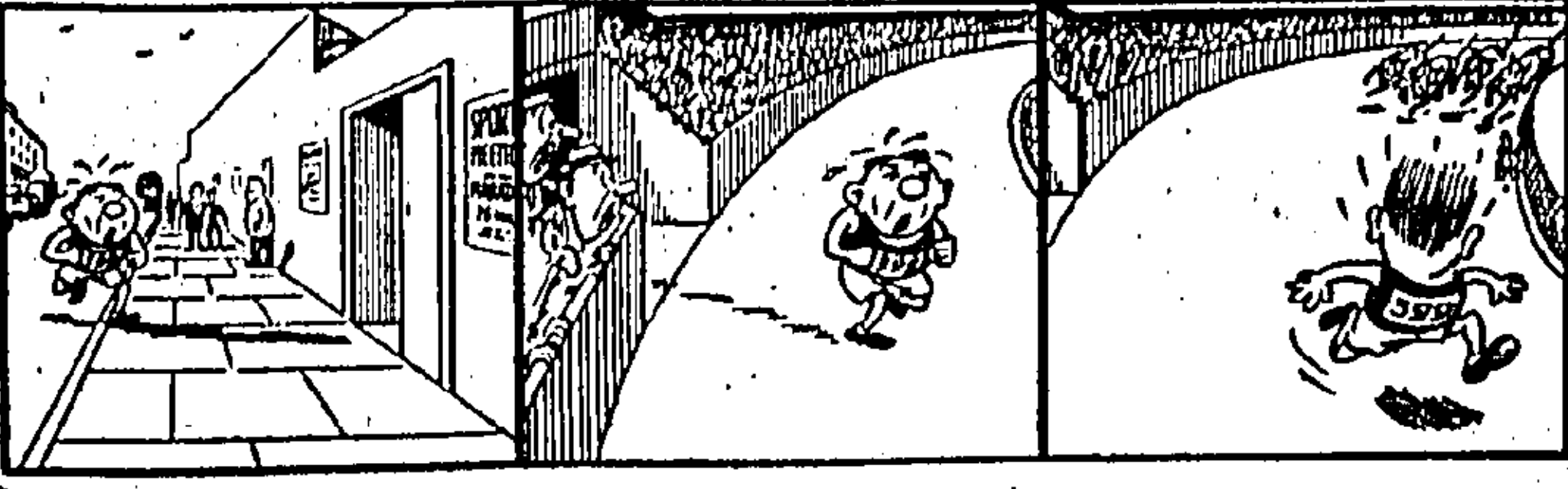
Now Stan (he says): "For me it's just a game."

Bun fight



SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



THERE SHOULD BE AN AGE LIMIT FOR TENNIS UMPIRES AND LINESMEN

Says DEREK JOHN

Shocking line decisions robbed Britain's Mike Davies of vital points in the last match of the Davis Cup tie with Belgium. And in another recent Davis Cup tie Swedish players were so incensed by a line decision that they refused to meet the Italians in the last match.

Moans and groans are the usual thing when the excitement of a Cup tie whips up the frenzy of the fans. But this time the grumbles seem to have some foundation.

After the Brussels battle, even the Belgian press were commenting on "dubious line decisions". And the linesmen involved were Belgian.

Now no one would accuse the lawn tennis umpires and linesmen of negligence or partisanship. They have a difficult job and doubtless do it to the best of their ability.

But I still think something can be done to avoid much of this unpleasant bickering over judges' decisions.

Firstly, international lawn tennis matches should be controlled by neutral officials in the same way as international soccer matches. Then umpires might not so often be accused of favoritism.

Secondly, there should be an age limit for umpires and line-officials in first-class tennis.

ELDERLY MEN

Most top-class officials have immense knowledge of the game. But far too many are elderly men who do not always have very keen eyesight and quick reactions, requirements essential if they are to do their work really well.

Important eyesight is the only reasonable explanation for some of this year's amazing line decisions. And slow reactions by an official can often disturb a player's concentration.

A recent example occurred at Wimbledon when Lew Hoad refused to serve at one stage of a match because the linesman was often late in shouting "out".

That august guardian of the laws and spirit of cricket, the MCC, is under the impression that a famous English public school, because of "gamesmanship" because, in a recent match against the school, a member of the MCC team bowled lob— that is understandable.

Is it unfair to bowl lob? "Certainly not," says a spokesman of the MCC. "It couldn't be more legitimate. There have been some great lob bowlers in the past like G. H. Simpson, Hayward, who bowled the lob in Test cricket before the 1914-18 war."

"But in the last 30 years the lob has fallen into disuse, precisely a lost art. We only wish more people would learn to do it. It is terribly effective."

The man who bowled the lob against Wellington was Jack Meyer, former captain of Somerset. "It is one of the noble bowling arts," he says. "There are any number of variations of pace and trajectory you can use. They are almost impossible to play. Anyone with a brain and a good wrist could go into first-class cricket today and take hundreds of wickets if he really learned how to lob."

ONLY HIS TOE

What is the truth about the condition of Derek Ibbotson, the world's wonder miler? It is being said that he has arthritis, that he may be crippled if he continues running so frequently. But Ibbotson himself tells a rather different story. "Everyone has got it all wrong," says Ibbotson. "I haven't got arthritis, and it's time people knew."

"This is what's wrong — my toe. And get it straight. I am

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Bill Johnston. Average 102.
2. Wyatt; May; Ames; Chapman.
3. Tennis. Her maiden name is Maureen Connolly.
4. Golf; Rugby Union; Golf; Polo.
5. 1948.
6. Fatty. He is the only amateur tennis player.
7. Roy Smythe and Harry Lloyd.
8. Rugby; Cricket; Tennis; Golf; Cycling; Baseball.

938 for 1 declared by England against Australia in

not worried. I'll get it fixed soon. It has not stopped me so far."

There are the facts: Ibbotson's right knee was cracked in a fall about four years ago and sometimes he gets a pain in it and cannot bend it so well. It has not troubled him greatly this season.

His right big toe was broken in two places—at both joints—playing soccer three years ago. He did not have it set because he did not realise it was broken.

Norman Smith, Newcastle United's football trainer, has told Ibbotson that if he does not get treatment he will eventually get arthritis in his toe.

"The toe needs breaking and re-setting and then it will be OK," says Derek. "But I can do nothing about my knee. It just gets a bit of synovitis (inflammation) occasionally."

My advice: Take it easy, Derek, until that toe is really fixed.

I'LL SHOW THEM

Gordon Pirie, world's 5,000 metres record-holder, is staying with friends in Sweden for a couple of months. "Perhaps there I will get away from all this 'Pirie is finished' talk," he says.

Continues confident Pirie: "I'll show them I'm not finished. In about a month I expect to be breaking world records again."

"Don't be so surprised. I know I can do it. It is not just wishful thinking. It is all down in my book. I have kept a record of my training times for the last four years. Those times tell me I will be smashing world records again within a month."

What records? "Oh, three miles, perhaps the mile. Yes, Ibbotson's time can be beaten, you know."

And what about his future? "After Sweden I don't know what we will do. We may go back to New Zealand. We have the tickets. It's a great country. Plenty of room. Not so many people."

Only a few more weeks to soccer in Britain and there once more to illuminate the scene with his own particular brand of genius will be Mr Soccer himself—Stanley Matthews.

Wonder man Stan is now back in training following his strenuous six-week tour of South Africa and Ghana. Very much 42 years young, he is back to 100 per cent fitness and awaits the start of the season on August 24 as eagerly as he did way back in 1931.

"Retire? Are you kidding?" says Stan. "I haven't given it a thought."

This will be his 26th season—but not his last.

ANOTHER MEMBER

The Lancashire League have their eyes on another member of the West Indies touring team. The man they have chosen is tailor-made for League cricket—Colin Smith, that cheerful, affable, off-break bowler and electric fielder.

Garfield Sobers has already signed a two-year League contract, and application has been made by Smith to the West Indies Board of Control which, through bitter experience, are likely to insist upon a clause that will release Smith at no extra cost to themselves.

Previous West Indian professionals had been in the position to charge for their services when invited to tour either at home or away.

Yachting authorities are worried by a new trend they think might be dangerous. The threat comes from stiff sails of synthetic material—sails which cannot be "rolled down" quickly if the weather blows up.

One expert who is experimenting with the new sails is Olympic yachtsman Bruce Banks. Britain's champion smallboat helmsman.

Says Banks: "Reinforced plastic sails will be here within a year. They have tremendous advantages in light airs, but all yachtsmen should consider what their attitude is going to be towards these sinister one-piece sails."

The Royal Yachting Association, controlling body of the sport, is shortly expected to discuss the new trend.

Remember the Nawab of Patnauld? Well, the 16-year-old son of the former Oxford University, Worcestershire and India Test player will be playing for Sussex against Hampshire in the Sussex Second XI against Sussex Martlets on August 9, and if he shows good form he is likely to play for the Sussex First XI in a friendly match against Somerset later in the month.

The young Nawab, who lives in Sussex out of term, is now being coached by former county cricketer George Cox at Winchester College. He has made several fine centuries in school cricket this season.

(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

WHAM!—REFEREE WAS NOT NEEDED TO TOLL THE TEN SECONDS

By HAROLD MAYES

He bore none of the marks of his trade. He certainly looked far too youthful to be a former world boxing champion. And in his sports coat and slacks the fair-haired, close-cropped "youngster" might have been just another spectator in Chicago Stadium last November, the night young Floyd Patterson whipped "Ancient Archie" Moore into a five-round defeat to become Heavyweight Champion of the World.

"How old are you now, Tony?" I asked him.

"Aw, forty-three," he replied.

"Did you say twenty?" I queried.

"I wish you were right," came the quick rejoinder.

And I'll bet he did. For if anyone ever loved a fight it was that man—Anthony Florio.

Zaleski, a rough, tough Polish-American from the steel town of Gary, Indiana, not far from Lake Michigan's eastern shore, a man the fight world knew as Tony Zale, twice Middleweight Champion of the World.

Gary and its surroundings couldn't have been more sumbolic of the fighting character of the man it provided for the ring game.

The former host of miles of steel mills gave place to oil refineries over a long stretch of road where the air hangs so heavily with petrol vapour that it seems that the whole lot will disappear in one blinding flash if any visitor is foolish enough to light a cigarette.

Yes, Gary is like sitting on a keg of dynamite, and in his ring exploits the world champion it produced was that kind of puncher every time he landed in a vulnerable spot.

DEAD-END KID

Small wonder, then, that his three meetings with the dead-end kid from New York's East Side, Rocky Graziano, resulted in little fireworks which just had to end in one man or the other being punched into insensibility.

Only once between 1941 and 1946 did he engage in ring combat, then to go 12 rounds to a losing points decision with Billy Conn.

Although he had won the world middleweight title in 1941, it wasn't until he was past 33 that the world really began to sit up and take notice of Zale. His first meeting with Graziano, in New York in September, 1949, was a punching spree few who witnessed it are ever likely to forget. For four rounds the

"Somebody—Up—There—Likes—Me" boy beat hell out of Tony. Zale took it all and knocked out Graziano in the sixth.

Tough as that was, it was Sunday School party stuff compared to their second meeting in Chicago Stadium in July, 1947.

Rocky turned the tables by dealing out a vicious beating to Zale in the fifth. He dropped him for three counts in the sixth and stripped the Gary man of his title in that round, having him draped half out, half in the ring when the referee decided it was time to call a halt.

So, with the score one all, they came to Rupert Stadium, a ball park in Newark, New Jersey, across the Hudson River from New York on June 10, 1948.

ODDS ON

They made Graziano, three days past his 26th birthday, a 12 to 5 on favourite to whip Zale again that night. The folk who had seen the two previous explosions had decided that youth would come through because at that time no man of 34 had ever succeeded in winning the world middleweight crown for a second time.

YET I SAW IT HAPPEN, IN JUST SIX MINUTES AND 38 SECONDS OF CALCULATED DESTRUCTION WHICH HAS SELDOM BEEN EXCEEDED FOR ITS RURY.

Since anything but all-out aggression was completely foreign to Zale's nature, the tempo was set from the first bell. Two pawing lefts from Graziano, and three light lefts and a somewhat half-hearted right-hand punch from Zale was all the 28,000 crowd saw in the nature of preliminaries.

Then—bang! A peach of a left hook from Zale, and Graziano was grovelling in the resin-dust.

He tried to box, and Zale hit him with everything except the ring-posts and the bucket!

FULL TREATMENT

Regardless of Graziano's deadly punching power, Zale gave him the full treatment in a second round which was designed to make sure that the third didn't last long.

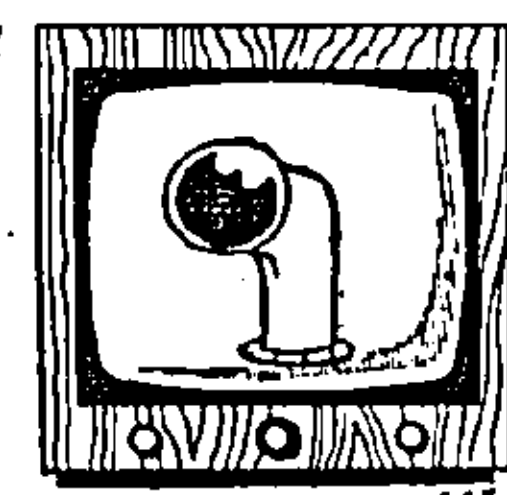
It didn't, either. A murderous right to the body dumped Graziano on the canvas once more. He was up at six, but for all his willingness to try to turn this into another sawaw battle, Zale was having none of it.

Measuring another right, he switched the play by throwing a carbon copy of the left hook which had put Graziano down for the first time in the contest. This time it had been neither high nor low, but flush on the chin. Referee Paul Cavaliere couldn't have bothered to toll the ten seconds. They were no more than a formality.

NEXT WEEK: The second Robinson-Turpin fight, when Sugar Ray regained the world middleweight title he had lost only 64 days earlier.

Best Wicketkeeper

George Mills is just about the best wicketkeeper in the Birmingham League. The Stourbridge man is also the leading batsman for his club. When they were in trouble the other day he took off his pads and promptly took three wickets in two overs for four runs. Now Stourbridge have made him captain. Recently he had to get 17 in the last over to win, and this former Fleet Air Arm pilot hit 4.6.2.4.1, just like that!



NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

- 1 Monetary
- 2 Larger than a sea
- 3 Exit
- 4 For prisoners?
- 5 Floating assets?
- 6 Chimney
- 7 Big business man
- 8 Human cargo
- 9 Blue Riband sea

Solution on Back Page

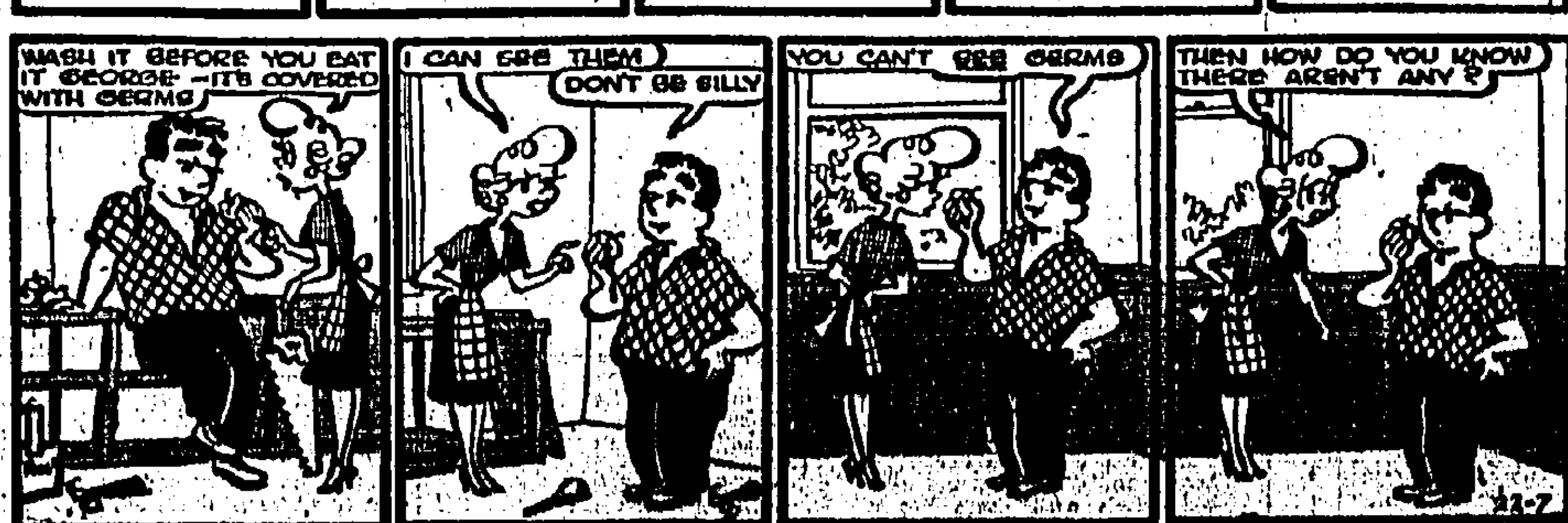
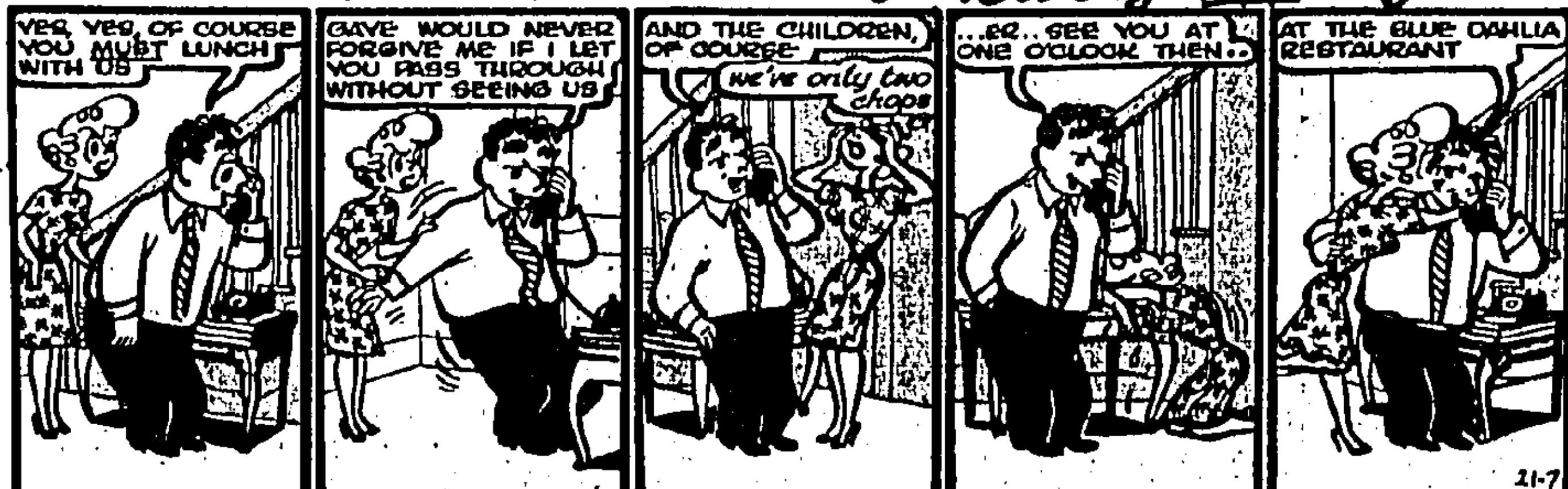
BE SPECIFIC



STY
CATHAY
PACIFIC

THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby

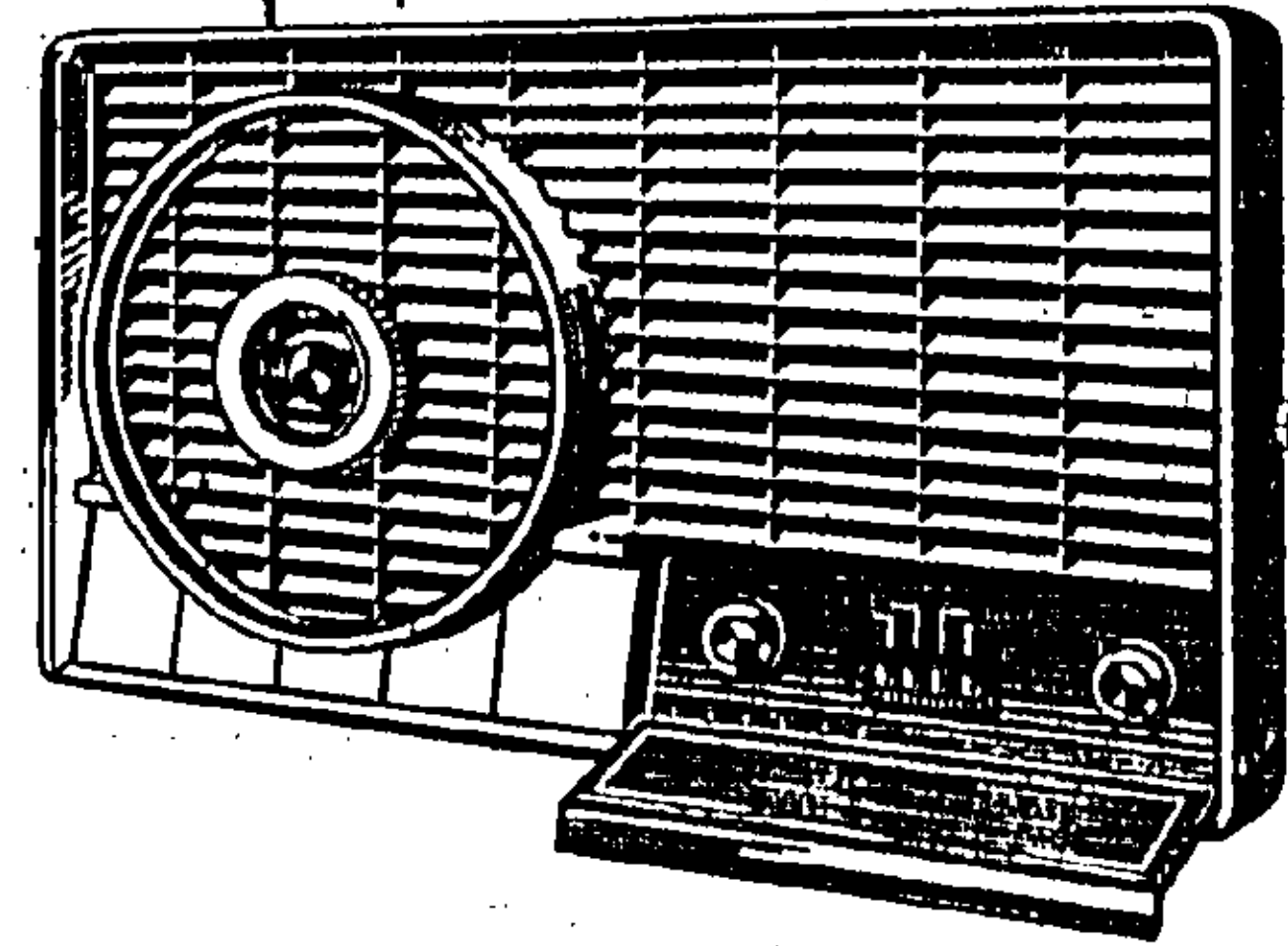


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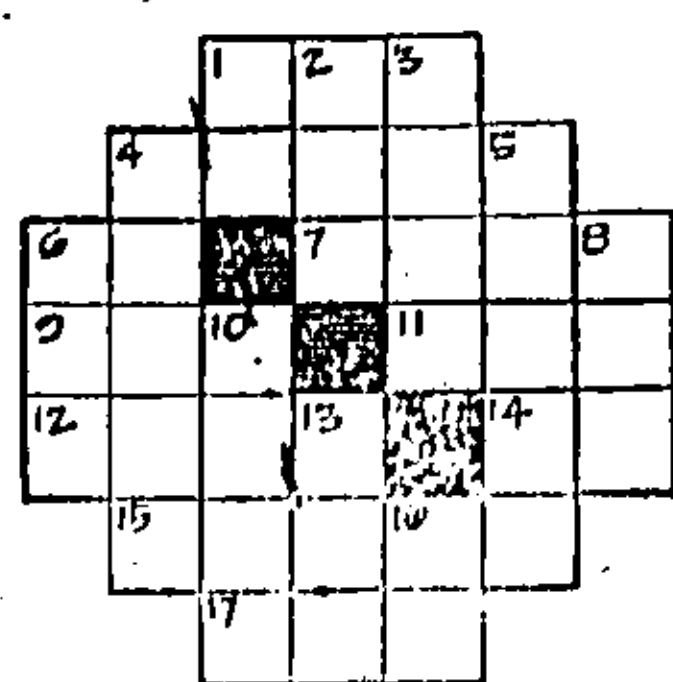
FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

THESE TIPS WILL MAKE YOUR CAMERA TALK...

Come Into My Parlour — Says A Plant

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Head covering
- 4 Musical qualities
- 6 Behold!
- 7 Gopher's mounds
- 9 Possessive pronoun
- 11 Rodent
- 12 Story
- 14 Lone Scout (ab.)
- 15 Bodies of water
- 17 Writing tool

DOWN

- 1 Company (ab.)
- 2 Busy insect
- 3 Equal
- 4 Sum
- 5 Fur-bearing sea animals
- 6 Ignited
- 8 Streets (ab.)
- 10 Blow with open hand
- 13 Piece out
- 16 Half an cm

SUDAN DIAMOND

Part of the Sudan's populace are NUBIANS, which fact the Puzzlemaster picked as the centre for his word diamond. The second word is "to take an evening meal"; third "a kind of a fur"; fifth "carpenter's tool"; and sixth "a compass point". Try to complete the diamond from these clues:

N
U
B
I
A
N
S

TRIANGLE

The Puzzlemaster has hung his word triangle from CAREERS. The second word is "amphitheatre"; third "to get again"; fourth "a son of Seth"; fifth "to consume"; and sixth an abbreviation for "right side". Can you complete the triangle?

C
A
R
E
E
R
S

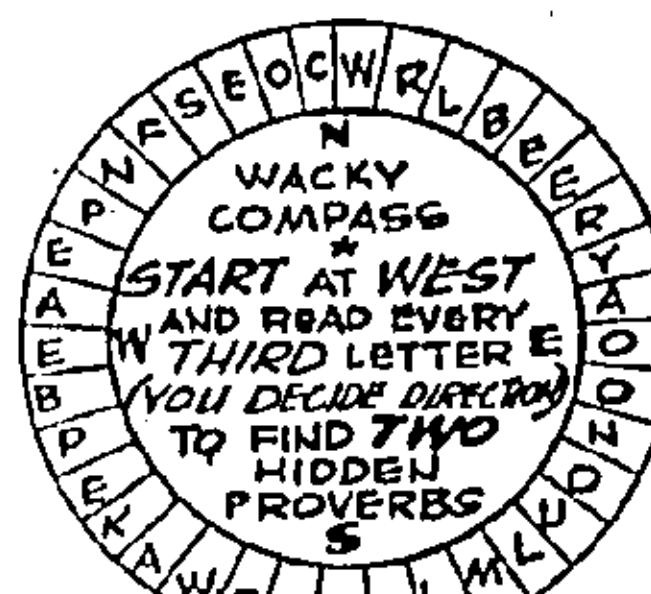
SCRAMBLEGRAMS

Scramble "rows" and have "columns"; repeat and have "wearies"; again and have "to perch anew"; once more and have "attempts".

BEHEADINGS

Behind "to sound a bugle" and have "not high"; behind "winter precipitation" and have "present time"; behind "a snare" and have "a knock"; behind "an Oriental food" and have "frozen water"; behind "rich milk" and have "a paper measure."

WACKY COMPASS



(Solutions on Page 19)

HOW TO MAKE A WACKY COMPASS

1. FIND A PIECE OF THIN RAYON OR COTTON CLOTH ABOUT 24 INCHES SQUARE.

2. FOLD CLOTH IN HALF TWICE (BOTH WAYS) TO MAKE LINES FOR YOUR DESIGN.

3. FIND TWO LEAVES THAT WILL FIT INTO THE SQUARES.

4. PUT A LEAF UNDER CORNER SQUARE WITH VEIN SIDE NEXT TO CLOTH.

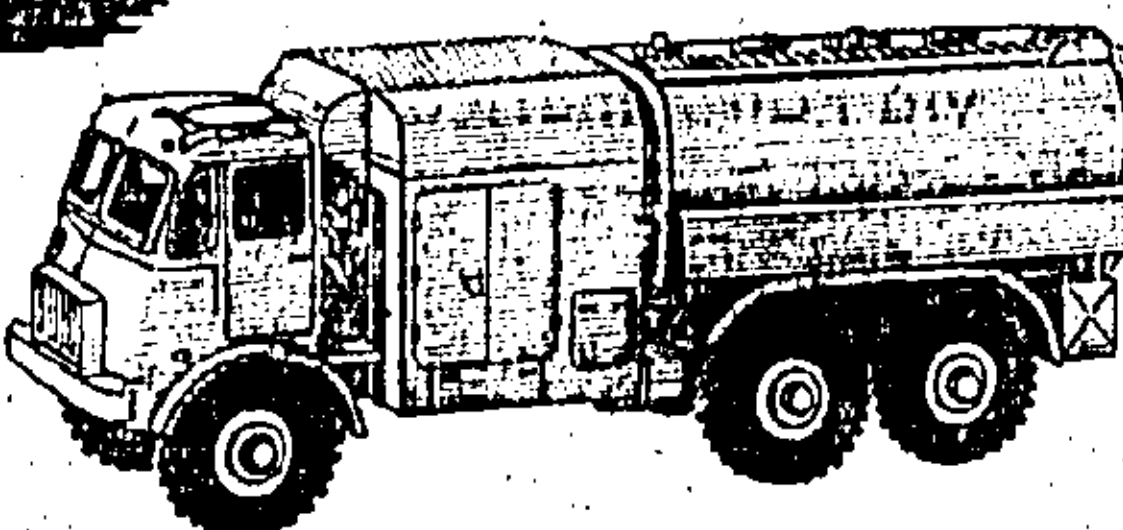
5. HOLD CLOTH TIGHTLY OVER LEAF AND RUB CRAYON OVER SQUARE. LINES OF LEAVES WILL SHOW THROUGH.

6. ALTERNATE LEAVES IN EACH SQUARE UNTIL ALL SQUARES ARE FILLED.

FOLD EDGES AROUND BACK SIDE AND REM WITH A RUNNING STITCH.

PUT DAMP CLOTH OVER DESIGN AND PRESS WITH A WARM IRON.

New this month!

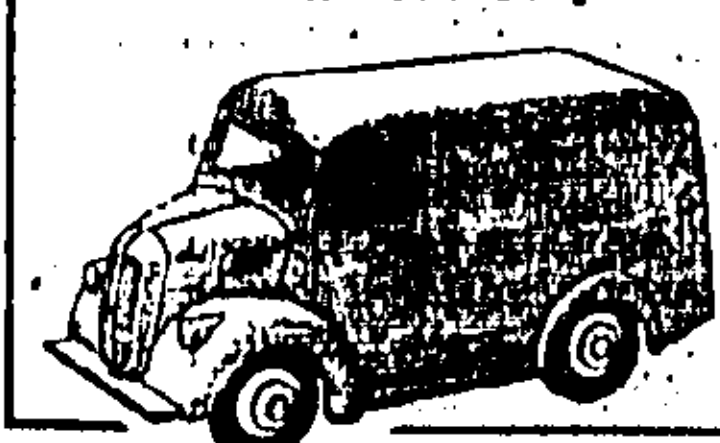


DINKY SUPERTOYS No. 60 Pressure Refueler

The original of this Dinky Supertoy is a sub-wheel Royal Air Force vehicle used on aerodromes for refuelling and defuelling aircraft. The model is enamelled in R.A.F. blue with a roundel on the front. Towing hook at rear and driver in cab. Length 5 1/2".

New colour finish

DINKY TOYS No. 33 Trojan Van — "Brooke-Bond Tea"



A new version of the Trojan 15-cwt. Van is now available attractively finished in bright red with the name "Brooke-Bond Tea" in white on the sides. Length 3 1/2".

Keep on collecting

DINKY TOYS
DINKY SUPERTOYS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 11

YOUR CAMERA "talks," but does it always say it? Here are seven tips to help you control your picture-making "speech."

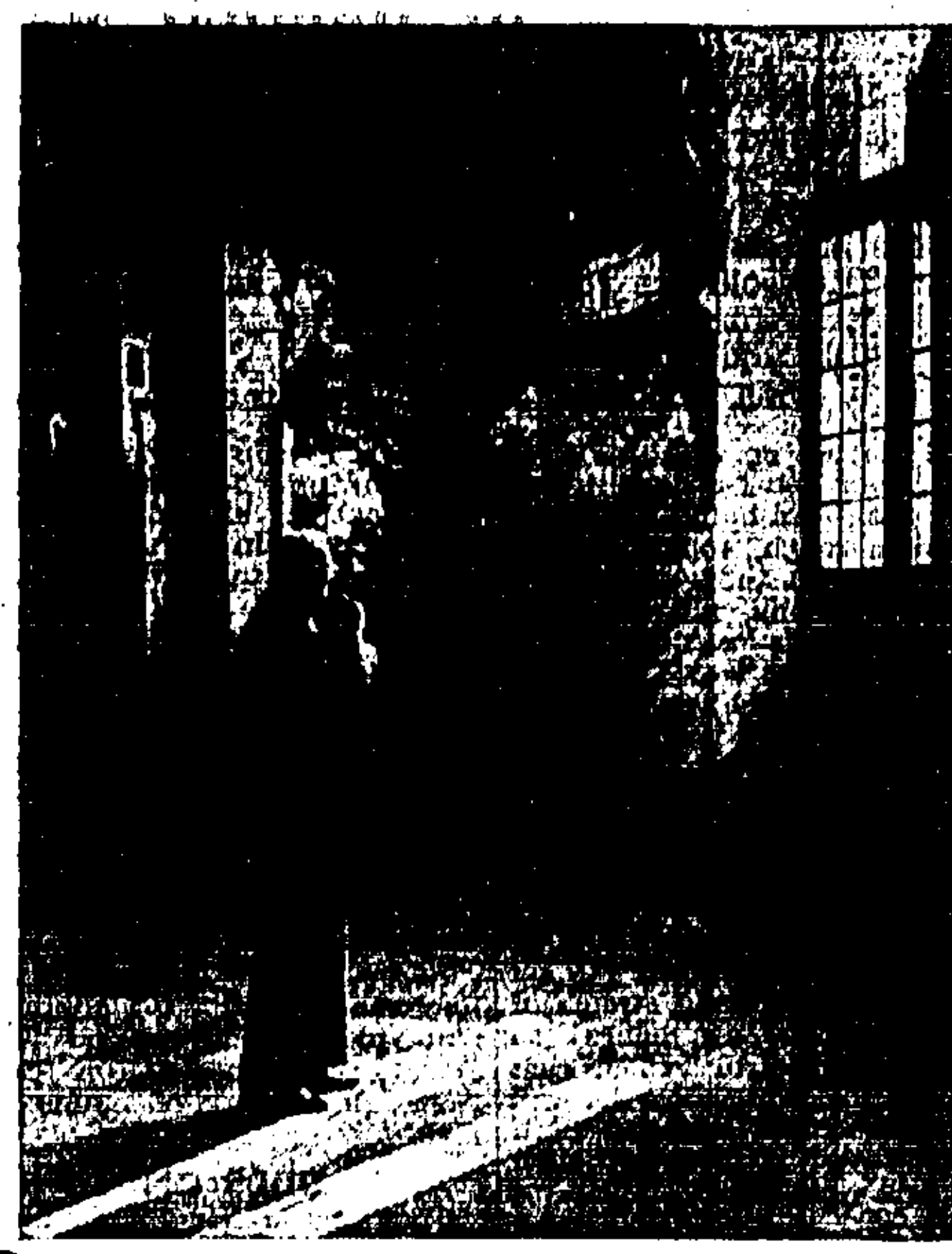
1. **LIGHT** in the picture is not enough. You need light on the subject. Details talk in a picture, and light is what reveals details.

2. **DISTANCE** changes the whole picture. Unless you have a portrait lens, don't shoot pictures closer than 40 inches. You will get better results shooting farther away and enlarging the piece of photo you want as a closeup.

3. **SHADOWS** can say ugly things about your subject. Lights held high are better than lights at the camera. Two floods on opposite sides of the subject should give you good results.

4. Do all your full length subjects look as if they had stumpy legs? Try getting on one knee to snap the picture instead of standing for an eye-level shot.

5. Are you getting fuzzy pictures without any reasonable explanation for the fuzziness? Sudden temperature changes cause moisture condensation on the lens. This should be wiped off before picture taking. If you take your camera out of a



Light Talks: Sunlight filtering through the window brings out the details that make this excellent study by Johannes Scholten, of Haarlem, the Netherlands.

warm house in cold weather. Then you are not getting enough light to under your overcoat contrast between subject and background.

6. Do your subjects seem a little lost in the background? Example: If you are snapping



Shadow Patterns: This picture by Tatsuo Kondo of Tokyo won first prize over 3,000 entries. Light and shadows playing on rafters and walls make fascinating abstract design. Look for shadow patterns the next time you take pictures.



Camera Amputation: Even the subject winces as the camera cuts off the top of his head, crops his hands awkwardly.

Knuckle Down To Marble Games

THINK marbles are a modern toy? That's where you're wrong. Children way back in the ancient days were playing games with nuts or pebbles in much the same way as you use your own marbles.

Here are some marble games to test your skill:

BOUNCE OUT: Each player deposits a marble within a small circle that has been drawn on the ground. The first player stands upright over the marbles and drops his "bounce" (a large marble) upon the heap. Any marbles that are forced out of the ring belong to him; but if he drives out none and his bounce remains in the circle, he has to let it stay with the other

One player is chosen to act as bridge keeper and a toll of one marble is paid to him every time a boy attempts to shoot a marble through the arches.

If the marble goes clear through an arch its owner receives from the bridge keeper as many marbles as indicated by the number marked over the arch. However, if the marble should touch the side of the arch it becomes the bridge keeper's property.

HAND HIDE: One player conceals a number of marbles

in his closed hand. He asks another player to guess how many marbles are hidden.

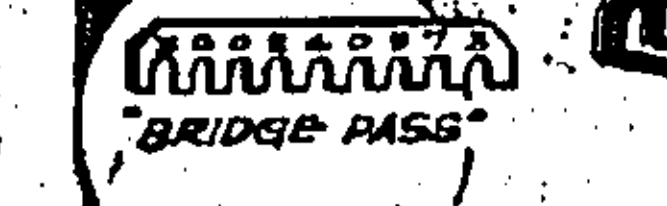
If the player guesses correctly he receives the marbles; if incorrectly, he must hand over the difference between his wrong guess and the correct number.

For example, if eight had been hidden and the player guessed eleven he would have to forfeit three marbles.

PICKING PLUMS: Each player places a marble on a long straight line drawn upon the ground, with a one or two-inch space left between each marble. Each player in turn shoots at the marble from a point about eight feet away. The marbles knocked off the line become the prizes of the participants.

KNOCK OUT: Two players stand opposite a wall. The first player starts the game by throwing a marble against the wall. When it has rebounded and landed on the ground the second player hurries his marble against the wall, trying to throw it in such a way that it rebounds it will strike the first marble.

TRY THESE DIFFERENT MARBLE GAMES—

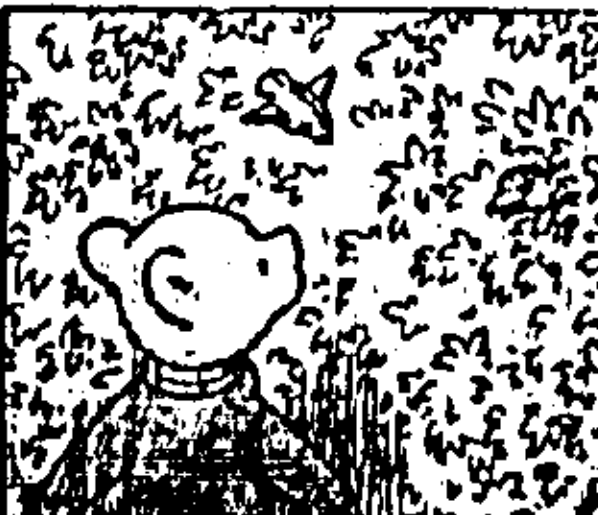


If he succeeds in making a hit the struck marble becomes his property. The marble he threw against the wall must be left on the ground where it landed.

When all of the marbles of each player have been thrown, the marbles that are lying farthest from the wall may be picked up in turn and thrown against the wall again.

—ERMA REYNOLDS

Rupert and the Old Hat—31



Rupert runs forward and at once sees the scared face of the old chicken. "What's wrong, what's wrong today?" cries the bird. "My wife will be here soon and I must find a nest for her to put her eggs in." "You bet we can help her," says Rupert.



Then, seeing that the bird is really in a hurry to go, Rupert says: "Yes, cousin, could I help you?" "I'll be glad to," says Rupert. "I'll be glad to," says Rupert. "I'll be glad to," says Rupert.

A WATER-FLEA, using its feathery antennae as oars, slipped slyly through the swampy water. It was on the everlasting quest for food.

It pushed its way carefully against some vegetation. That was a fatal mistake. For the vegetation was waiting for just such an occurrence.

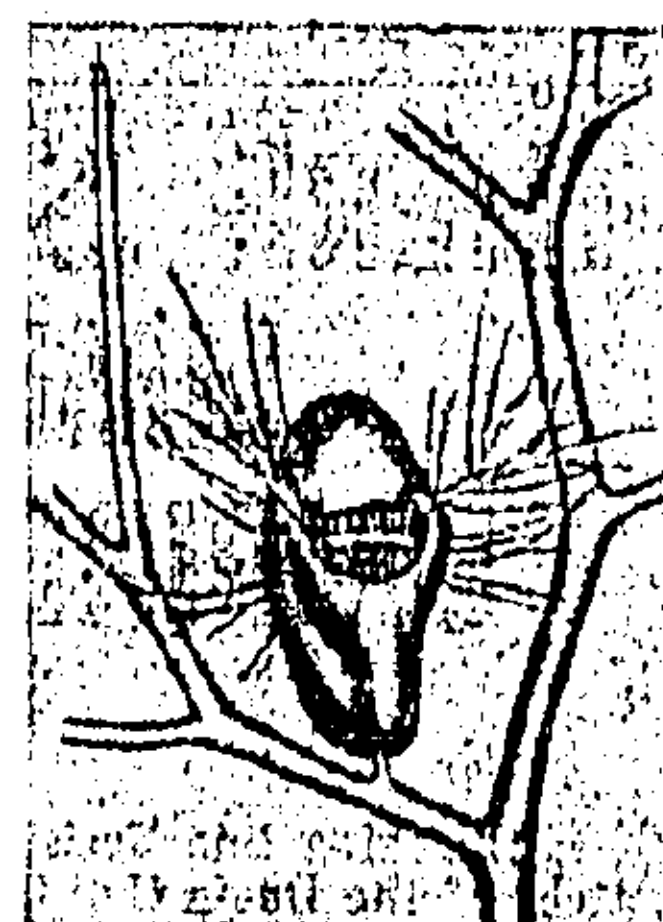
Under the faint touch of the water-flea, a door in the vegetation opened and the water flea stroled in. Immediately the door closed tight behind the microscopic animal. The flea was hopelessly trapped.

But the water-flea would not be missed. There were hundreds of thousands more of them in that pool in the marsh.

Many more of them would push their little heads against the same type of swinging door and be trapped and devoured by the vegetation, a plant called the bladderwort.

The water-flea, a very tiny fresh-water crustacean, is of some value to man. It devours masses of minute vegetable growths and purifies the water of decaying animal matter.

The body of the water-flea is encased in a hinged, defensive double-shell. The head is provided with feelers and there are five pairs of appendages which move continually, helping the tiny animal to breathe.



Feeders splay out around edges of bladderwort's trap-door.

But the bladderwort is not interested in the water-flea's value except as a food. The bladderwort floats in the pool in the marsh. It has no roots. It absorbs everything through its shoals and green leaves.

It gets its name from the water-filled bladders on the stems and leaves.

The bladderwort has hundreds of these bladders. Each is equipped with a valve-like door through which water-fleas and other small fry are able to enter.

These valves are one-way doors and only open inwardly, trapping any invaders. The prisoner becomes food for the hungry bladderwort as its other traps wait for more victims.

—ERNEST JOHNSON

Cricket's Adventure

—He Rode With The Ol' Clothes Man's Ol' Dog—

By MAX TRELL

CHRISTOPHER Cricket came out from under a clover where he was resting from the sun and sat down next to his friends Knarf and Hank, the Shadows with the turned-about names.

"I had an adventure today," Christopher said.

"Was it fun?" asked Knarf. "It wasn't fun, but it was funny," said Christopher.

Knarf and Hank waited for Christopher to tell them the story of his adventure. He did that as soon as he had crossed five or six of his legs and made himself comfortable on the back steps of the house where, as it happened, they were all sitting.

Tinkling Of Bells "Well," started Christopher, "I was just sitting out to play my guitar this morning to my guitar a song or two of before breakfast. I heard the tinkling of bells and the shouting of a man's voice.

"Ol' clothes!" the man was shouting. "Ol' clothes to sell!"

"It was the Ol' Clothes Man. He was coming up the street in his horse and wagon with the tinkly bells. The Ol' Clothes Man kept looking up at the windows of the houses along the street.

"Any ol' clothes to sell?" he cried.

"So," said Christopher, "I strapped my guitar to my back and jumped on the wagon. It was filled with old coats of odds and ends. I rummaged around and looked them over.

"The first thing I saw was a dog! "I thought you were a piece of old clothes, a bundle of rags!" I said to the dog.

"The dog just growled at me.

Keep Him Company "I'm not a piece of old clothes. I ride along with my master, the Ol' Clothes Man, to keep him company."

"Do you mind, I said to the dog, 'If I ride along, too? I'll keep you company.'"

"The dog didn't answer, so I decided he didn't mind. I looked around the wagon more closely.

"I see lots of other things besides old clothes in this wagon, dog," I said. "Such as an old piano stool, an old picture, an old chair and an old table."

"Yes," said the dog, "the Ol' Clothes Man also buys old



the Ol' Clothes Man.

furniture, old shoes, old bottles, old pots and pans, old books, old magazines, old newspapers and old dishes. He bought that old horse who's pulling the wagon. And the wagon is also old. Once he bought an old cat who used to live in the back yard of an old house. Now the cat lives in the Ol' Clothes Man's shop and mends it while he's away!

"Did he ever buy an old dog?" I asked.

Waggled His Tail

"Instead of getting angry," said Christopher, "the old dog just wagged his tail. Yes, he once did buy an old dog," said the dog. "He bought me. And I'm happy he did. I'd rather be an old dog with the Ol' Clothes Man than with anyone else!"

"Finally I said to the dog, 'Tell me, Ol' Dog, what does the Ol' Clothes Man do with all the old clothes and all the other old things that he buys?'"

"He cleans 'em up," said the dog. "He mends the rips and tears in the old clothes. He fixes the broken down old shoes. He makes the old pots and pans shining and bright. Then he sells 'em again."

"Because, you see," said the dog, "what some people think is old, other people think is quite new."

"Just then," said Christopher, "the Ol' Clothes Man noticed a lady looking out of the window of one of the houses at the end of the street. She called down and said she had an old violin to sell."

"So the Ol' Clothes Man, who really liked old violins much better than new violins, went upstairs to buy it and I went back to my stinky clover with my little old guitar."

"I said the old dog all alone with the old horse to keep each other company. For, as you probably guessed, they were both old friends."

And that was the end of Christopher Cricket's

